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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have been able to get in but a little of what is marked for extract of the proceedings of the British Association. The article will be continued.

ON what a gigantic scale do our emigrants invade the Pacific! If more than ten thousand go this season, in how great numbers will they go as soon as provision can be raised there for them! Indeed, they will for years increase more rapidly than their crops. That they will flow down into California, and extend Anglo-Saxondom all along the Pacific, is very certain. Whether that will be done fairly, or as the *civilized* nations of the earth always act toward *others*, we cannot foresee. But the population of the United States doubles four and a quarter times in fifty years. In 1790, it was less than four millions; in 1840, it was seventeen millions; in 1890, it will be seventy millions; in 1940, it will be three hundred millions! When we think of all the blessings which Free Trade and Peace will bring to such a vast people, we cannot enough execrate the hearts and the hands which traitorously endeavor to sow the seeds of disunion among us, and thus to transform us into neighboring, rival, hostile nations.

We ask the careful attention of our readers to Mr. Whipple's "Evils of the Revolutionary War." We are convinced that the peaceful suffering which is here recommended, would have been effectual in securing our independence. But we copy it principally, because it very forcibly illustrates the course along which Mr. O'Connell endeavors to lead Ireland. That England will become weary of her uneasy sister, we have no doubt. And if it should be practicable for the Romish majority to satisfy the Protestant minority, (which holds the *property* however,) that property, life and conscience will be safe under a separate government—so that Ireland can show a

united front—then the bonds of union will be loosed, either entirely, or just as far as Ireland may demand it. If this could be accomplished with safety and justice to the Protestants, and so as to leave few heart-burnings behind, the prosperity of both countries would be greatly increased. Great Britain has probably derived from the United States greater advantages than she could have forced from us had her power been sufficient to prostrate our revolutionary struggle.

There is a portion of British territory and population which may be advantageously separated from the empire at some future day, not far remote. We mean the Canadas. Suppose that England should make their government as nearly representative and responsible to the people as any connexion with the British crown would permit of, and that nevertheless there should be a prevalent desire for self-government. It would then be the true policy of the mother country to make a treaty with the United States, by which, in return for an extension of trade with the whole country, Canada might, if she wished for "reän-nexation," come into our confederacy; and the stars of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, East Canada, West Canada, &c., &c., might brighten our constellation. Or, should Canada ungraciously prefer a separate existence, let her set up for a Great Bear on her own account.

One more chapter will finish Mrs. Mark Luke and the warm weather for which it is intended.

DR. WOLFF is one of the most remarkable men of his time. However incoherent, all that he says and does is very well worth the attention of our readers.

EARL GREY is dead, and Lord Howick, probably an abler man, succeeds to his title and estate.

WE copy from the Examiner the annexed articles on French cruelty in Algeria, and some old

wickedness which it recalls to the editor's memory. It is terrible, but less so than the English cruelty in China. Whatever may be said of American injustice and cruelty to the aborigines—can be more than paralleled from the doings of Europe. We doubt whether the ancients were worse than the moderns, notwithstanding all that is said of the "spirit of the age."

FRENCH ATROCITIES IN ALGERIA.—The "Akh-bar" of Algiers, of the 5th, has the following from Orléansville:—

"There has just occurred in the Dahara one of those terrible events which deeply afflict those who witness them, even when convinced of their frightful necessity, and when they are justified in declaring that everything possible was done to prevent the catastrophe. It is known that the corps commanded by Colonels Pelissier, St. Arnaud, and de l'Admirault have been carrying on combined operations in the west. Colonel Pelissier was busy in pursuing the Ouled Riahs, who have never yet submitted, as they live in immense caverns where it would be madness for the troops to enter. On the 18th of June, finding themselves closely pursued, the Ouled Riahs flew to their usual place of refuge. After having surrounded the caverns, some fagots were lighted and thrown by the French troops before the entrance. After this demonstration, which was made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding-place, the colonel threw in letters offering to them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses. At first they refused, but subsequently they replied that they would consent if the French troops would withdraw. This condition was considered inadmissible, and more burning fagots were thrown. A great tumult now arose, and it was known afterwards that it arose from a discussion as to whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to a surrender carried their point, and a few of the minority made their escape. Colonel Pelissier, wishing to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent some Arabs to them to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and some women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them to prevent their escape from the martyrdom which they had themselves resolved to suffer. Colonel Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning fagots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of firearms, and could not perform his mission. This state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when, losing all patience, and no longer having a hope of otherwise subduing these fanatics, who formed a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the fire was renewed and rendered intense. During this time the cries of the unhappy wretches who were being suffocated were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fagots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered and found 500 dead bodies. About 150, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them died afterwards."

The Madrid "Heraldo" publishes a letter from a Spanish officer on Pelissier's expedition. This statement only increases the horror of the catastrophe, and more than confirms the hideous details

given above. "The number of dead bodies amounts to 800 or 1,000. The colonel would not believe our report, and sent other soldiers to count the dead. Six hundred bodies have already been taken out of the cave, without counting those that were heaped one above the other, nor counting the infants at the breast, who were almost entirely concealed by their mothers' clothes. The colonel expressed the horror which he felt at this terrible result. *He is afraid, principally, of the attacks of the journals, who will, no doubt, criticise so deplorable an act, though, in my opinion, inevitable.* One thing certain is, that it has made the whole country submit. No prisoner has been taken but the wife and son of a Khalifat, who has himself escaped, and some Arabs, who are in a dreadful condition from the effect of the suffocation. On the 23d we were obliged to shift our camp, having been driven away from the neighborhood of the caves by the infectious smell, and we have abandoned the place to the ravens and vultures, who have been flying for some days around the grotto, and which we can see from our encampment carrying away huge pieces of human flesh."

FRENCH WARFARE IN 1510.—A PARALLEL.—*"A party of citizens and of inhabitants of the neighboring plains had chosen another place of refuge. In the mountains, at whose base Vicenza is situated, is a vast cave, named the Grotto of Masano, or Longara. * * * * * This cave having a narrow entrance is easy of defence, and in the preceding campaign it had served as a refuge for the neighboring people. Six thousand unfortunate beings had retired there with all their goods; the women and children were at the back of the grotto, and the men guarded its entrance. A captain of French adventurers, named L'Hérison, discovered this retreat, and with his troop made vain efforts to penetrate into it; but foiled by its obscurity and its windings, he resolved to suffocate all within it. He filled with fagots the part he had occupied, and set fire to them. Some nobles of Vicenza who were among the refugees, now intreated the French to make an exception in their favor, and to let them ransom themselves, their wives, and children, and all of noble blood. But the peasants, their companions in misfortune, exclaimed that they should all perish or be saved together. The whole cavern was now in flames, and its entrance resembled the mouth of a furnace. The adventurers waited till the fire had finished its terrible ravages, to enter the cave and withdraw the booty which they had purchased by such horrible cruelty. All had perished by suffocation, except one young man, who had placed himself near a chink through which a little air had reached him. None of the bodies were disfigured by the fire; but their attitudes sufficiently indicated the agonies they had undergone before death. Several women were delivered in these torments, and their infants died with them. When the adventurers brought back their booty to the camp, and recounted the mode of their obtaining it, they excited universal indignation. The Chevalier Bayard went himself to the cavern with the Provost Marshal, and caused him to hang in his presence, and in the midst of this scene of horror, two of the wretches who had kindled the fire. But this punishment was not sufficient to efface from the minds of the Italians the memory of so great a barbarity."*—*Sismondi, Hist. Rep. Ital., vol. xiv., p. 47.*

FIFTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

AT CAMBRIDGE.—SIR J. HERSCHELL PRESIDING.

[MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS FROM THE FULL REPORT OF THE ATHENÆUM.]

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Sir J. Herschell, in the introductory address, thus speaks of it:—

The last year must ever be considered an epoch in Astronomy, from its having witnessed the successful completion of the Earl of Rosse's six-feet reflector—an achievement of such magnitude, both in itself as a means of discovery, and in respect of the difficulties to be surmounted in its construction, (difficulties which perhaps few persons here present are better able from experience to appreciate than myself,) that I want words to express my admiration of it. I have not myself been so fortunate as to have witnessed its performance, but from what its noble constructor has himself informed me of its effects on one particular nebula, with whose appearance in powerful telescopes I am familiar, I am prepared for any statement which may be made of its optical capacity. What may be the effect of so enormous a power in adding to our knowledge of our own immediate neighbors in the universe, it is of course impossible to conjecture; but for my own part I cannot help contemplating, as one of the grand fields open for discovery with such an instrument, those marvellous and mysterious bodies, or systems of bodies, the Nebulæ. By far the major part, probably, at least, nine tenths of the nebulous contents of the heavens consist of nebulæ of spherical or elliptical forms presenting every variety of elongation and central condensation. Of these a great number have been resolved into distinct stars, and a vast multitude more have been found to present that mottled appearance which renders it almost a matter of certainty that an increase of optical power would show them to be similarly composed. A not unnatural or unfair induction would therefore seem to be, that those which resist such resolution do so only in consequence of the smallness and closeness of the stars of which they consist; that, in short, they are only optically and not physically nebulous. There is, however, one circumstance which deserves especial remark, and which, now that my own observation has extended to the nebulæ of both hemispheres, I feel able to announce with confidence as a general law, viz., that the character of easy resolvability into separate and distinct stars, is almost entirely confined to nebulæ deviating but little from the spherical form; while, on the other hand, very elliptic nebulæ, even large and bright ones, offer much greater difficulty in this respect. The cause of this difference must, of course, be conjectural, but, I believe, it is not possible for any one to review *seriatim* the nebulous contents of the heavens without being satisfied of its reality as a physical character. Possibly the limits of the conditions of dynamical stability in a spherical cluster may be compatible with less numerous and comparatively larger individual constituents than in an elliptic one. Be that as it may, though there is no doubt a great number of elliptic nebulæ in which stars have not yet been noticed, yet there are so many in which they *have*, and the gradation is so insensible from the most perfectly spherical to the most elongated elliptic form, that the force of the gene-

ral induction is hardly weakened by this peculiarity; and for my own part I should have little hesitation in admitting all nebulæ of this class to be, in fact, congeries of stars. And this seems to have been my father's opinion of their constitution, with the exception of certain very peculiar looking objects, respecting whose nature all opinion must for the present be suspended. Now, among all the wonders which the heavens present to our contemplation, there is none more astonishing than such close compacted families or communities of stars, forming systems either insulated from all others, or in binary connection, as double clusters whose confines intermix, and consisting of individual stars nearly equal in apparent magnitude, and crowded together in such multitudes as to defy all attempts to count or even to estimate their numbers. What *are* these mysterious families? Under what dynamical conditions do they subsist? Is it conceivable that they can exist at all, and endure under the Newtonian law of gravitation without perpetual collisions? And, if so, what a problem of unimaginable complexity is presented by such a system, if we should attempt to dive into its perturbations and its conditions of stability by the feeble aid of our analysis. The existence of a luminous matter, not congregated into massive bodies in the nature of stars, but disseminated through vast regions of space in a vaporous or cloud-like state, undergoing, or awaiting the slow process of aggregation into masses by the power of gravitation, was originally suggested to the late Sir W. Herschel in his reviews of the nebulæ, by those extraordinary objects which his researches disclosed, which exhibit no regularity of outline, no systematic gradation of brightness, but of which the wisps and curls of a cirrus cloud afford a not inapt description. The wildest imagination can conceive nothing more capricious than their forms, which in many instances seem totally devoid of plan, as much so as real clouds—in others offer traces of a regularity hardly less uncouth and characteristic, and which in some cases seems to indicate a cellular, in others a sheeted structure, complicated in folds as if agitated by internal winds.

Should the powers of an instrument such as Lord Rosse's succeed in resolving these also into stars, and, moreover, in demonstrating the starry nature of the regular elliptic nebulæ, which have hitherto resisted such decomposition, the idea of a *nebulous matter*, in the nature of a shining fluid, or condensable gas, must, of course, cease to rest on any support derived from actual observation in the sidereal heavens, whatever countenance it may still receive in the minds of cosmogonists from the tails and atmospheres of comets, and the zodiacal light in our own system. But though all idea of its being ever given to mortal eye, to view aught that can be regarded as an outstanding portion of primæval chaos, be dissipated, it will by no means have been even then demonstrated that among those stars, so confusedly scattered, no aggregating powers are in action, tending to draw them into groups and insulate them from neighboring groups; and, speaking from my own impressions, I should say that, in the structure of the Magellanic clouds, it is really difficult not to believe we see distinct evidences of the exercise of such a power. This part of my father's general views of the construction of the heavens, therefore, being entirely distinct from what has of late been called "the nebulous hypothesis," will still subsist as a

matter of rational and philosophical speculation—and perhaps all the better for being separated from the other.

PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE—PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC.
Sir J. Herschell's Address.—A great deal of attention has been lately, and I think very wisely, drawn to the philosophy of science and to the principles of logic, as founded, not on arbitrary and pedantic forms, but on a careful inductive inquiry into the grounds of human belief, and the nature and extent of man's intellectual faculties. If we are ever to hope that science will extend its range into the domain of social conduct, and model the course of human actions on that thoughtful and effective adaptation of means to their end, which is its fundamental principle in all its applications (the *means* being here the total devotion of our moral and intellectual powers—the *end*, our own happiness and that of all around us)—if such be the far hopes and long protracted aspirations of science, its philosophy and its logic assume a paramount importance, in proportion to the practical danger of erroneous conceptions in the one, and fallacious tests of the validity of reasoning in the other.

On both these subjects works of first-rate importance have of late illustrated the scientific literature of this country. On the philosophy of science, we have witnessed the production, by the pen of a most distinguished member of this university, of a work so comprehensive in its view, so vivid in its illustrations, and so right-minded in its leading directions, that it seems to me impossible for any man of science, be his particular department of inquiry what it may, to rise from its perusal without feeling himself strengthened and invigorated for his own special pursuit, and placed in a more favorable position for discovery in it than before, as well as more competent to estimate the true philosophical value and import of any new views which may open to him in its prosecution. From the peculiar and *à priori* point of view in which the distinguished author of the work in question has thought proper to place himself before his subject, many may dissent; and I own myself to be of the number;—but from this point of view it is perfectly possible to depart without losing sight of the massive reality of that subject itself: on the contrary, that reality will be all the better seen and understood, and its magnitude felt when viewed from opposite sides, and under the influence of every accident of light and shadow which peculiar habits of thought may throw over it.

Accordingly, in the other work to which I have made allusion, and which, under the title of a "System of Logic," has for its object to give "a connected view of the principles of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation"—its acute, and in many respects profound author—taking up an almost diametrically opposite station, and looking to experience as the ultimate foundation of all knowledge—at least, of all scientific knowledge—in its simplest axioms as well as in its most remote results—has presented us with a view of the inductive philosophy, very different indeed in its general aspect—but in which, when carefully examined, most essential features may be recognized as identical, while some are brought out with a salience and effect which could not be attained from the contrary point of sight. It cannot be expected that I should enter into any analysis or

comparison of these remarkable works—but it seemed to me impossible to avoid pointedly mentioning them on this occasion, because they certainly, taken together, leave the philosophy of science, and indeed the principles of all general reasoning, in a very different state from that in which they found them. Their influence, indeed, and that of some other works of prior date, in which the same general subjects have been more lightly touched upon, has already begun to be felt and responded to from a quarter where, perhaps, any sympathy in this respect might hardly have been looked for. The philosophical mind of Germany has begun, at length, effectually to awaken from the dreamy trance in which it had been held for the last half-century, and in which the jargon of the Absolutists and Ontologists had been received as oracular. An "anti-speculative philosophy" has arisen and found supporters—rejected, indeed, by the ontologists, but yearly gaining ground in the general mind. It is something so new for an English and a German philosopher to agree in their estimate either of the proper objects of speculation or of the proper mode of pursuing them, that we greet, not without some degree of astonishment, the appearance of works like the *Logic* and the *New Psychology* of Beneke, in which this false and delusive philosophy is entirely thrown aside, and appeal at once to the nature of things as we find them, and to the laws of our intellectual and moral nature, as our own consciousness and the history of mankind reveal them to us.*

Meanwhile, the fact is every year becoming more broadly manifest, by the successful application of scientific principles to subjects which had hitherto been only empirically treated, (of which agriculture may be taken as perhaps the most conspicuous instance,) that the great work of Bacon was not the completion, but, as he himself foresaw and foretold, only the commencement of his own philosophy; and that we are even yet only at the threshold of that palace of truth which succeeding generations will range over as their own—a world of scientific inquiry, in which not matter only and its properties, but the far more rich and complex relations of life and thought, of passion and motive, interest and actions, will come to be regarded as its legitimate objects. Nor let us fear that in so regarding them we run the smallest danger of collision with any of those great principles which we regard, and rightly regard, as sacred from question. A faithful and undoubting spirit carried into the inquiry, will secure us from such dangers, and guide us, like an instinct, in our paths through that vast and enlarged region which intervenes between those ultimate principles and their extreme practical applications. It is only by working our way upwards towards those principles as well as downwards from them, that we can ever hope to penetrate such intricacies, and thread their maze; and it would be worse than folly—it would be treason against all our highest feelings—to doubt that to those who spread themselves over these opposite lines, each moving in his own direction, a thousand points of meeting and mutual and joyful recognition will occur.

But if science be really destined to expand its scope, and embrace objects beyond the range of merely material relation, it must not altogether

* *Vide* Beneke, *Neue Psychologie*, s. 300 et seq., for an admirable view of the state of metaphysical and logical philosophy in England.

and obstinately refuse, even within the limits of such relations, to admit conceptions which at first sight may seem to trench upon the immaterial, such as we have been accustomed to regard it. The time seems to be approaching when a merely mechanical view of nature will become impossible—when the notion of accounting for *all* the phenomena of nature, and even of mere physics, by simple attractions and repulsions fixedly and unchangeably inherent in material centres, (granting any conceivable system of Boscovichian alternations,) will be deemed untenable. Already we have introduced the idea of *heat-atmospheres* about particles to vary their repulsive forces according to definite laws. But surely this can only be regarded as one of those provisional and temporary conceptions which, though it may be useful as helping us to laws, and as suggesting experiments, we must be prepared to resign if ever such ideas, for instance, as radiant stimulus or conducted influence should lose their present vagueness, and come to receive some distinct scientific interpretation. It is one thing, however, to suggest that our present language and conceptions should be held as provisional—another to recommend a general unsettling of all received ideas. Whatever innovations of this kind may arise, they can only be introduced slowly, and on a full sense of their necessity; for the limited faculties of our nature will bear but little of this sort at a time without a kind of intoxication, which precludes all rectilinear progress—or, rather, all progress whatever, except in a direction which terminates in the wildest vagaries of mysticism and clairvoyance.

But, without going into any subtleties, I may be allowed to suggest that it is at least high time that philosophers, both physical and others, should come to some nearer agreement than appears to prevail as to the meaning they intend to convey in speaking of causes and causation. On the one hand we are told that the grand object of physical inquiry is to explain the phenomena of nature, by referring them to their causes: on the other, that the inquiry into causes is altogether vain and futile, and that science has no concern, but with the discovery of *laws*. Which of these is the truth? Or are both views of the matter true on a different interpretation of the terms? Whichever view we may take, or whichever interpretation adopt, there is one thing certain—the extreme inconvenience of such a state of language. This can only be reformed by a careful analysis of this widest of all human generalizations, disentangling from one another the innumerable shades of meaning which have got confounded together in its progress, and establishing among them a rational classification and nomenclature. Until this is done we cannot be sure, that by the relation of cause and effect one and the same kind of relation is understood. Indeed, using the words as we do, we are quite sure that the contrary is often the case; and so long as uncertainty in this respect is suffered to prevail, so long will this unseemly contradiction subsist, and not only prejudice the cause of science in the eyes of mankind, but create disunion of feeling, and even give rise to accusations and recriminations on the score of principle among its cultivators.

The evil I complain of becomes yet more grievous when the idea of *law* is brought so prominently forward as not merely to throw into the background that of *cause*, but almost to thrust it out of

view altogether; and if not to assume something approaching to the character of direct agency, at least to place itself in the position of a substitute for what mankind in general understand by *explanation*: as when we are told, for example, that the successive appearance of races of organized beings on earth, and their disappearance, to give place to others, which geology teaches us—is a result of some certain law of development, in virtue of which an unbroken chain of gradually exalted organization from the crystal to the globule, and thence, through the successive stages of the polypus, the mollusk, the insect, the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the beast, up to the monkey and the man (nay, for aught we know, even to the angel,) has been (or remains to be) evolved. Surely, when we hear such a theory, the natural, human craving after *causes*, capable in some conceivable way of giving rise to such changes and transformations of organ and intellect—*causes why* the development at different parts of its progress should divaricate into different lines—*causes*, at all events, intermediate between the steps of the development—becomes importunate. And when nothing is offered to satisfy this craving, but loose and vague reference to *favorable circumstances* of climate, food, and general situation, which no experience has ever shown to convert one species into another; who is there that does not at once perceive that such a theory is in no respect more *explanatory*, than that would be which simply asserted a miraculous intervention, at every successive step of that unknown series of events, by which the earth has been alternately peopled and dispeopled of its denizens?

A *law* may be a *rule* of action, but it is not *action*. The Great First Agent may lay down a rule of action for himself, and that rule may become known to man by observation of its uniformity: but constituted as our minds are, and having that conscious knowledge of causation, which is forced upon us by the reality of the distinction between *intending* a thing, and *doing* it, we can never substitute the *rule* for the *act*. Either directly, or through delegated agency, whatever takes place is not merely *willed*, but *done*, and what is done we then only declare to be explained, when we can trace a process, and show that it consists of steps analogous to those we observe in occurrences which have passed often enough before our own eyes to have become familiar, and to be termed *natural*. So long as no such process can be traced and analyzed out in this manner, so long the phenomenon is unexplained, and remains equally so whatever be the number of unexplained steps inserted between its beginning and its end. The transition from an inanimate crystal to a globule capable of such endless organic and intellectual development, is as great a step—as unexplained a one—as unintelligible to us—and in any human sense of the word as *miraculous* as the immediate creation and introduction upon earth of every species and every individual would be. Take these amazing facts of geology which way we will, we must resort elsewhere than to a mere speculative law of development for their explanation.

MR. EVERETT, the American minister, was then introduced to the meeting. He observed that though he felt himself to be an unworthy representative of the men of science in the United States, he felt that he could with confidence

declare that they joined with him in recognizing both the personal and the hereditary claims to distinction of Sir John Herschel. His illustrious father had added "to the lyre of heaven another string," and given to an inconspicuous star a place in our own system, though so distant that it had scarce yet completed a single revolution since its discovery. He doubted not that meteorology and magnetism and science generally would be as much indebted to the son, as astronomy had been to the father. The people of the United States had shown, that they were not insensible to the appeal which Sir J. Herschel had made to the governments of the civilized world, to attend to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology. There already existed 160 stations in America at which observations were made and recorded. He had that day presented the observations made at New Cambridge, and he had read part of a letter from New York, stating the advantage that would result from the British government continuing, northwards, the observations that had been made in the States. He hoped that this emulation in aiding the progress of science and securing the practical benefits of knowledge would be the only rivalry which would ever exist between the two countries. He then feelingly alluded to himself as an alumnus of *New Cambridge*, and observed that if the philanthropic founder of that institution, who had come from Emmanuel College in *Old Cambridge*, could have anticipated the progress of either university, the prospect would have been one of the noblest ever opened to the eye of prophetic intelligence. Having once more alluded to the community of interest in literature and science which must ever identify the intelligence of England with that of America, he proposed that the thanks of the meeting should be given to Sir J. Herschel.

"ON THE STRENGTH OF STONE COLUMNS," by Mr. E. Hodgkinson.—The columns were of different heights, varying from 1 inch to 40 inches; they were square uniform prisms, the sides of the bases of which were 1 inch and 1½ inch, and the crushing weight was applied in the direction of the strata. From the experiments on the two series of pillars it appears that there is a falling off in strength in all columns from the shortest to the longest; but that the diminution is so small, when the height of the column is not greater than about 12 times the side of its square, that the strength may be considered as uniform, the mean being 10,000 lb. per square inch, or upwards. From the experiments on the columns one inch square, it appears that when the height is 15 times the side of the square the strength is slightly reduced; when the height is 24 times the base, the falling off is from 138 to 96 nearly; when it is 30 times the base, the strength is reduced from 138 to 75; and when it is 40 times the base the strength is reduced to 52, or to little more than one third. These numbers will be modified to some extent by the experiments in progress. In all columns shorter than 30 times the side of the square, fracture took place by one of the ends failing; showing the ends to be the weakest parts; and the increased weakness of the longer columns over that of the shorter ones seemed to arise from the former being deflected more than the latter,

and therefore exposing a smaller part of the ends to the crushing force. The cause of failure is the tendency of rigid materials to form wedges with sharp ends, these wedges splitting the body up in a manner which is always pretty nearly the same; some attempts to explain this matter theoretically were made by Coulomb. As long columns always give way first at the ends—showing that part to be the weakest—we might economize the material by making the areas of the ends larger than that of the middle, increasing the strength from the middle both ways towards the ends. If the area of the ends be to the area in the middle, as the strength of a short column is to that of a long one, we should have for a column whose height was 24 times the breadth, the area of the ends and middle as 13,766 to 9,595 nearly. This, however, would make the ends somewhat too strong; since the weakness of long columns arises from their flexure and increasing the ends would diminish that flexure. Another mode of increasing the strength of the ends would be that of preventing flexure by increasing the dimensions of the middle. From the experiments it would appear that the Grecian columns, which seldom had their lengths more than about 10 times the diameter, were nearly of the form capable of bearing the greatest weight when their shafts were uniform; and that columns tapering from the bottom to the top were only capable of bearing weights due to the smallest part of their section, though the larger end might serve to prevent lateral thrusts. This last remark applies, too, to the Egyptian columns, the strength of the column being only that of the smallest part of the section. From the two series of experiments, it appeared that the strength of a short column is nearly in proportion to the area of the section, though the strength of the larger one is somewhat less than in that proportion.

Prof. Challis inquired whether Mr. Hodgkinson had found the columns to give way chiefly in the direction of the cleavages of the stone? Mr. Hodgkinson replied that he had; and that hence the same size and shape of stone cut out of the same block, required very different forces to crush them across the grain from what they did with it—Prof. Stevelly said, that it was one peculiarity of Mr. Hodgkinson's researches, that they opened up so many collateral objects of interest and wide fields of inquiry. It was easy to see that the present researches might become important to the geologist, by leading him to the source from which originated the splitting up of extended rocks into beds and strata, and the contortions of them; for example, to some volcanic matter forced up vertically in such a manner as to exercise a crushing force upon even distant masses.—Prof. Willis showed, by examples deduced from various styles of architecture, that the ancients must have been practically in possession of similar principles; and from several examples which he gave, it would appear that columns of a shape suited to these principles were again coming into use.

INSANITY.—Dr. Thurnam read an essay "On the Liability to Insanity at different Ages;" the general conclusion was, that liability to insanity does not increase with years, but is greatest between the ages of twenty and forty.

[To be continued.]

From the Art-Union.

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It was an old lady who related to me the following incident. As it supplies evidence how strong a moral may be inculcated by a picture, I will endeavor to record it in her own simple words. When I knew her she was very aged; her sitting-room was adorned by paintings, generally of the higher class; but sometimes the sentiment, the conception of a subject, was so superior to its execution, that I imagined she had more feeling than knowledge with regard to works of art. She moved about her apartment, leaning on the arm of her grandniece, and pointing out her favorite pictures by a motion of the large old-fashioned fan that dangled from her arm: she was in truth a chronicle of the past—had sat to Sir Joshua when quite a child—and been the companion of West, and Opie, and Northcote, and all the great men of ancient times; seen David Garrick; and been patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; laughed at and with Oliver Goldsmith; and spoke of Queen Charlotte and George III. as a handsome young couple. She was both rich and benevolent, and, despite her age and the infirmity of deafness, she was the best physician that ever entered the close atmosphere of the pale student's chamber: the ease, and grace, and gentleness with which she developed truth, added to its beauty, but did not lessen its power. She was a sound critic—yet a kindly judge. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say of her, that her very look at ninety was inspiration!

Her general sitting-room was in admirable keeping with its mistress; old chairs, old carvings, old china, old bits of tapestry—with here and there a drapery of golden yellow—a cushion or chair covered by rich deep-toned crimson velvet—and when the sun shone through a little painted window, illumining an angle of the apartment with its fine tints, it threw a sort of halo over these silent but sure indications of pure taste, and made the artist feel at once at home. Then the delight with which, when she found an attentive listener, she would draw forth from an old cabinet some cherished and exquisite miniature—the gem of her treasure-house—and have a little tale to tell of everything she possessed. Latterly she had, as I said, become deaf; but this did not diminish the cheerfulness of her well-toned mind: set her talking, and it was like a happy voice from the graves of those mighty ones who now live but in their works.

"You said, my dear madam, you would tell me the story of that picture yonder," I observed one evening.

"Ah, yes!" she replied; "that, my dear, was painted by a young man! Poor fellow, I shall never forget what old Northcote said to me about him; but that does not matter now. It was April—a few days before the pictures went in for exhibition to Somerset House, and I was sitting in this very chair, as I have done for the last five-and-forty years! About noon—when Nancy—(Ah, we have no such servants now-a-days!)—Nancy told me that an artist, she was sure from the country, wanted to show me a picture. I admitted him immediately. He placed his production in the best light, and apologizing briefly for his intrusion, stood opposite to that very picture whose 'story,' as you call it, you wish to hear. Young men, my

dear, in those days were more ambitious of painting than dressing, like Raffaele; they did not wear their hair over their shirt-collars—cultivate a mustache, and scent of cigars; and yet I never saw any human being look more like a creature of glorious inventions than the poor pale boy—for he was little more—who painted "The Unjust Judge." His orb-like brow would have well become a crown of laurel; and though he was so singularly handsome, that for a few moments he was the picture upon which I looked, I felt sorry at heart for what was stamped upon his features.

"What?" I inquired.

"Death!" was the solemn reply. The old lady rose from her seat, and taking the arm of her beautiful relative, who resided with her, tottered opposite to the picture. "Observe," she continued, "the hard, stern countenance of the magisterial-looking man, who, seated at the head of the table, has decided that the widow—the young widow of an old and faithful tenant—has no further claim on the land, which she imagined secured to her by virtue of a letter, the fragments of which are upon the ground. Observe the look of purposeful satisfaction the new tenant casts upon the friendless woman, whose faded mourning evinces that she has no means to apply to a higher court. Note how full is the leathern purse he has ostentatiously placed upon the table; do you not see the convulsed clutching of the widow's fingers, as she stretches forth her hands to implore mercy where she might demand justice! the veins of her small white throat are distended by suppressed emotion; her eyes are heavy with unshed tears; and observe also how indignant the boy looks; he has just ceased to grasp the crape shawl that has nearly fallen from his mother's shoulders; his little fists are clenched, as much as to say, 'See how I will be revenged when I become a man!' The accessories also are well, yet not too strongly developed. The fat and insolent cat has driven the widow's timid little dog into a corner; his eyes in utter helplessness are raised to his mistress' face, whose agony is too great to heed the distress of her puny favorite! I do not often look upon it," she added, returning to her seat, "though it conveys a fine moral; yet whenever I do, I turn my eyes into my own breast, lest I also may have been an unjust judge!"

The old lady paused, and her last observation found an echo in my heart. Great God! how true this is: how apt are we to sit in judgment on each other—how apt to pronounce sentence on a sister's frailty, on a brother's crime—without a knowledge of the temptations which led either to the one or the other; without even inquiring whether what we have heard be true or false! How outrageous we become if we are judged—how careless in judging!

"But the story!" I said at last. "It is not ended?"

"Hardly commenced," she replied, and then continued.

"I expressed my approbation in a few words, for the subject touched me. There were faults in the coloring; but the moral was so true that I saw at once the youth had the elements of high art within him. It is an admirable thing to do justice to nature, to copy faithfully the immortalities amid which we live; but it is still more glorious to embody the workings of the mind, to create, to lead; as it were the inventive faculties of our fellow-

creatures into a higher world. The avarice of the unjust judge is stamped upon that face forever, and the supplication of the widow seems bursting from her lips. After looking at it for some little time, I inquired what value he put upon his production. He said 'he had never thought of that, he only wished it to be exhibited.'

"And why, then, did you bring it here?" His pale cheek flushed, while he replied "that he resided in Northumberland; was not acquainted with any one in London; and feared that if he sent in his picture it would not be exhibited, unless some one were good enough to speak for it; so that it might obtain a place—a place where it could be seen, particularly by one person."

"I told him I would purchase it. He thanked me; but that, he said, was not what he wanted. He wished it to be seen at the Royal Academy. He had heard that I knew a great many of its members. Would I, if I liked the picture, say a kind word for it to those who had power? His only wish was to see it hung where one person would be sure to see it. The request was so strange, the picture and the youth both so interesting, that I desired much to unravel the mystery. I soon gained the young man's confidence, and his story was quickly told.

"His father had been one of those upright God-fearing tillers of the soil from whom our greatest men have sprung. His life was the last in the lease he held of his land, but he had received a letter from his landlord promising, in case of his death, a renewal of it on the old terms. His father died, and in less than a week after his father's death, the landlord died also. His mother had so firm a dependence upon the letter, that she never thought of the lease: indeed, as the young man said, she was too much absorbed in her own grief to think of worldly matters, until a notice to leave what had been so long her home was served upon her. It was in vain she endeavored to see the landlord: he would not admit her: she wrote—no notice was taken of her application. 'Beaten down,' he said, 'by circumstances, she would sit day after day looking at a small defaced water-color drawing of my father, which had been done by some itinerant artist, and seemed her only consolation. I was too young to share her griefs, but not to observe them; and I remember the desire I felt to make a picture like the one she loved, that it might be caressed by her. One morning she had been weeping bitterly; and urged as it were by some sudden resolution, she took my hand, and we walked together in silence to the hall, regardless of the rebuffs of the servants. My usually gentle mother forced her way into the squire's library, and discovered, what I afterwards knew she expected from the information she had received, her landlord in the very act of signing the lease that was to deprive us forever of the cherished dwelling of our ancestors. Roused by a sense of his injustice, she placed before him the letter from his father to mine; in an instant he tore it into atoms, and flung it on the floor. Stung still more deeply, she clasped her hands and uttered a prayer of few words, but deep import, that he might never die until he acknowledged his injustice. Had I known how to curse, I would—boy though I was—have cursed him from my soul; but my mother had taught me nought but blessings. We returned home: she knelt opposite to where my father's picture hung, as if it had been a shrine, and poured out her soul to God in prayers

for patience. I stood by her side. "Kneel with me," she desired. I obeyed—but she observed the stubborn spirit that roused within me, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she made me repeat words which for the first time found no echo in my heart. The softness of the child had altogether departed from me. I felt as if my spirit had sprung at once into manhood. We arose from our knees, I put my hand in hers, kissed her cheek, and said, "Mother, do not weep, I will protect you." I shall never forget the music of the sweet blessings she poured upon me then, while hot, hot tears coursed each other down her cheeks. From that time I saw her weep no more, though I knew she wept. For me, I grew hard and stern. I shunned my playmates during the few days we remained in our old dwelling; I could neither eat nor sleep; my soul swelled with indignation and revenge. We left our pleasant dwelling; the shadow of the trees fell no more upon our paths; the hum of my mother's bees, which had been as the music of the sunbeams, sounded no more in my ears; the willow, planted by my father on my birthday, which had grown to be a tree while I was yet a child, no longer waved above my head. We lodged in a small room of a small house in a neighboring village; a small clean room, furnished out of what seemed our abundance; the window-sill crowded with plants such as my father loved—those perishable yet sweet records of affection. Our dog, our household friend, shared our exile; but even that I had little sympathy with; my mind was bent upon things above my reach, but not beyond my desires. My mother worked at her needle, and taught me all she knew, and every halfpenny I could procure, could earn—for I was no beggar—by little acts of usefulness, I laid out in purchasing paper and pencils. I did not know then what being an artist meant; but I knew that I should like to copy my father's picture, to draw the scenes of my early childhood, to depict the one particular scene that was burnt into my heart, to grow by some means to be rich and powerful, that so I might be revenged on the unjust judge. This last resolve I dared not impart to my mother, from a consciousness that it was one she would disapprove the most. And yet that man bought pictures and hung them on his walls; and people eulogized his liberality, and praised his taste; and that he had taste I cannot doubt, but he had no heart. Is it not strange,' inquired the young painter, 'that a man can tell what is excellent on canvas, and have no appreciation for what is excellent in life; can understand what is natural when delineated by the painter's art; be touched by painted tears, and yet be utterly incapable of feeling and combining the sensations which spring from nature? Is not this most strange and contradictory?"

"I told him he would not think so when he had seen more of the world, and understood how many contending currents meet and struggle within the heart of man. Perhaps you are already tired of the young artist's tale? I like, old as I am, to hear of struggles, of difficulties overcome, of mountains scaled by hardy enterprise, of seats upon their pinnacles; and I spoke words of hope to him, which fell like rain upon a fertile soil—for his mind was one large treasure-house of poetry. And then he related much of the past: of his own privations he evidently did not think; but his mother's sorrows, lessened as they must have been by cheerful industry, and lightened by the knowl-

edge of his innate talent, dwelt upon his memory. Yet he confessed to moments of most keen enjoyment; the calmness of the Sabbath evening, when the music of the bell had ceased, and the voice of the preacher, or the melody of the choral hymn, chanted by infant voices, mingled with the perfumed air; when the worship was over, and playing with a pencil, which his mother kissed him 'not to use on Sunday,' she read within her little room the scenes from Holy Writ, which, praised be God, have taught many painters the road to immortality! And, when obliged to labor in the fields, his eye drank in the magic hues of cloud and rainbow, sunshine and shadow; in truth, he said, the more he saw of nature the weaker grew his purpose of revenge towards 'the unjust judge.' The beauties of the beautiful world softened his spirit; but when he looked upon his mother's hands, hardened by labor, or saw her feeble frame bending with more than woman's weakness, his purpose revived, the agonizing scene stamped upon that canvas rose before him, and as he grew older, he determined, 'an that he lived to be a man,' to do what you see he did accomplish. Several years before, (for an artist's talent is long budding before it blossoms,) while his was yet in its infancy, the man who had acted so cruelly left his neighborhood, and came to reside near London. He paid a visit to his property but once, and then offered his *patronage* to the boy artist he had so injured; by whom, I am proud to say, it was indignantly refused. The gentleman was bitterly hurt at this, for he would have greatly enjoyed the notoriety of 'bringing out' such extraordinary talent. How different from the warm and noble zeal which makes and bears the torch to light the path of genius! But I grow prosy," said my old friend, "and will hasten onward: the desire of the young artist was, that his picture might be placed where it could be seen to advantage; he had grown out of the memory of his mother's persecutor, and had resolved to stand where he might watch by it, to see the effect it would produce—not upon the world, but upon him whose injustice he had depicted with so powerful a pencil. 'If,' he said, 'I could but see him change color; if I could perceive the least indication that he felt the reproof; that the circumstance was recalled; that the power he had crushed into the dust had risen, and stood before him to reprove his injustice; if I could only make him *feel*, I should be satisfied; it is now all the revenge I covet.'"

"But his mother?" I inquired.

"She still lives," was the reply; and then my old friend informed me, that his (the artist's) resolution on this subject almost amounted to insanity; he fancied his picture would work a miracle; soften a hard heart; change the current of a man's blood; alter his nature. Like all those who live alone, and who judge of mankind from themselves, his information, his conception of human character, seemed as contracted as his imagination was vast and vivid; and, in addition to this, he was suffering from a constitutional sensitiveness, which made him far more susceptible than rational men are supposed to be.

"His picture went at the appointed time to the appointed place. I studiously kept the secret that the persecutor—the unjust judge—was intimately known to me; and feeling as I did the utmost anxiety for the young painter, I made him consider my house his home. But his spirit had all the restlessness of genius. As a boy at school counts

the days, the hours, that must elapse ere he returns to his home, so did this creature—compounded as he was from the finest essences of our nature—count the moments until the academy would open. It was almost frightful to witness his fits of anxiety as to where the picture would hang—if it would have a good place—if it (perchance) might be killed by some glaring sunset, or saffron sunrise—when the artist, 'mad with glory,' deepens the hues wherein Almighty God thinks best to steep his landscapes. It was positively fearful, after such ague fits of care, to see the avidity with which he drank in the inspirations poured by the old divinities upon their canvas. It was wonderful to observe how his mind, taught by nature, distinguished at a single glance the gold from the tinsel; and how he spurned whatever was counterfeit or poor. He would, after such excitements, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to 'how he learned it all!' Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain, being extolled by the critics; portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise; hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering, in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives or takes away as seemeth best. Then, poor fellow, in the fulness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint; he did not care for poverty—not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been. He felt his power, like the infant Hercules strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—ay, and die there! But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would! Poor—poor fellow!" repeated my old friend mournfully; "and yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm.

"Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished, and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favorite, by requesting as a favor what I felt he had reason to demand as a right. A foolish thought!" said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought for those who want to get on in the world, but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—self-respect—to aught else.

"The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed of course, by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun, speculating as usual about his picture, and the chance that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merits acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show the moral of a picture. He was literally wild with hope and excitement, speaking of his

mother, wishing for her, and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!"

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to inquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the doors were to open. There was the usual crowd—the earnest, intense-looking students, some more pale than usual, others flushed by anxiety—mixed up with critics, and poets, and persons wishful to be the first to see the national exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicate the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the academicians were there, though one or two were recognized; and notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran, 'Do you see Stothard?' or, 'There is Westall;' or, 'That's the young artist, Wilkie;' intimating the current of the people's thoughts. My young friend recognized me, bowed, and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and, just as he was about to enter, he turned his face towards me: it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is marvellous how quickly a crowd disperses; all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my arm was pressed: I turned round; there stood the young painter, his face shorn of its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corpse. He seemed rooted to the spot, while in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, 'My name is *not* in the catalogue.' There were doubtless many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honor upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection, nor indeed had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, easily depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom-book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be re-called, and taking his arm, led him towards it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up—the unjust judge stood before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town; the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage as if he had been a child; he shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment, while he turned his face away to conceal the agony he had not deserved. I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much." After many efforts I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and that he should witness the

effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become lofty and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother, of the scenes of his youth, of her piety, her tenderness, her love; the boy conquered the Stoic—I left him weeping. I had undertaken a most painful task, but it was my duty to complete it.

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light, but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room, and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed I arose, as I do now, and stood here, the painter remaining in the embrasured window. Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story! 'Do you read the story clearly, sir,' I said; 'perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it? A widow, sir, a poor widow believed in her landlord's honor, and intrusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there; beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letter; and behold you how men, ay, and rich men too, value their honor; its fragments are on the carpet—the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, sir? Her child, her boy feels though he does not understand the scene; he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice.' I thought the gentleman turned pale, and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. 'Look you, sir,' I continued, 'out of the pictured window: is not the landscape pleasant? the tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland; the—the—something elm. And within, as you observed, the accessories are well made out: the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct—'

"'Madam!', he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, and then paused.

"'The scene took place,' I continued, without heeding the interruption, 'some ten or twelve years past. Is it not so, Edward Gresham?' I added, appealing to the youth.

"He came forward, pale, but erect in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

"Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down upon the hurried glance which the unjust judge cast towards him, and I almost pitied him, humbled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful, the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, that there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid, whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"'And you,' he said, turning away while he

spoke; 'you, whom I have known for twenty years, have subjected me to this!'

"Do you acknowledge its truth, its justice?" demanded the young painter; 'do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, labored, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colors: but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every righteous feeling, you sent houseless, homeless, fatherless, friendless, upon the world. I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, *that* will live when you, ay, and I too, are in our narrow graves!'

"I offered you reparation," said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter and the truth of his picture; 'I offered you reparation.'

"You offered me *patronage*!" retorted the indignant boy; 'insult with injury.'

"The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. 'Has the patronage I have extended to many, madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?' he inquired."

"I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied, his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art."

"I will," he added, 'even now give him any sum he chooses to name for that picture.'

"It is sold," replied the artist."

"The old gentleman's countenance changed; he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate."

"I confess," he said, 'the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances. Still, I confess I acted wrong—I confess it! I will make retribution; we cannot tell what our acts may produce.'

"Injustice," said the youth, calmly, 'is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, setting aside its treachery; it was a cruel act, God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate fragile woman, myself almost an infant; and your father's promise, sir, your own father's promise that you scorned: oh, sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice haunting your pillow?'

"You have your revenge, young man, your revenge," murmured the gentleman; 'I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation.'

"You cannot cancel the past, my mother's years of suffering, my own of labor; but enough. I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart; and I—' He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was a triumph. I must do the landlord justice: he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feelings, and commended his art; he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum 'as a debt due by him to those he had injured.'

"How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though

but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bedside, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die."

"I triumphed, mother, I triumphed," he repeated, his eyes glittering with unnatural brightness; 'I triumphed; I made his heart quail and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness; but it was altogether too much for me; first the disappointment, and then the triumph; it fermented my brain, though I found another mother who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that turmoil is past, you are with me—really, really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child, and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do.'

"Then all is peace," she murmured."

"Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love," he replied. 'I wonder how I could have hated him so long.' He laid his head down with the tranquillity of a sleepy infant, and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not."

"He has slept more than an hour," she whispered me. I saw he would never waken. I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was indeed a corse she strained in her arms, and long, long was it ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connection with it. He died many years ago, and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice."

GUNPOWDER CELEBRATIONS.—Does it never occur to any one that the firing of cannon to mark distinguished events and their anniversaries is far from being a rational practice? What is most objectionable about this folly of the grown-up world, it sanctions similar practices on a smaller scale among boys, who, on several days of every year, are a source of danger both to themselves and others. Many a quiet family are little aware of the gunpowder plot carried on in cellar, closet, or garret, by the male juveniles of their establishment for several days before the royal birthday, or that the son whom they suppose to be at school, or at least enjoying some innocent recreation, is busied in some coarse mob not far from their home firing off pigmy ordnance, squibs, crackers, and other examples of pyrotechny. Hardly a year passes without its gunpowder victims, and sometimes the spirit of the fire-worshippers leads to actual rioting and destructive violence. We must really take leave to doubt that any benefits can be derived from a sulphureous celebration of great days, comparable to the evils which it entails; and we cannot doubt that amusements of a rational and harmless kind could easily be substituted, such as the visiting of museums, zoological gardens, picture galleries, and "show-places" generally. The first step in reform is one belonging to persons in authority: the firing of cannon on such days ought to be given up.—*Chambers*.

From the National Intelligencer.

OREGON, HO!

PLATTE RIVER, May 30, 1845.

WHERE is the West? The Celestial Empire will one day be called the West, else in Oregon they will have *no* West.

Three squadrons of the 1st dragoons (the others are in motion far and wide) marched from Fort Leavenworth the 18th instant, under the immediate command of Colonel S. W. Kearney. A right pleasant company are we; all joyously bent upon ascending the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and grateful to our colonel for resigning the actual power of his department command and the ease of St. Louis, to place himself at our head. In thus promoting our welfare, he eminently advances national interests; safely leads on the thousands of rough and hardy frontiersmen to lay the foundations of a new empire on the other ocean; the best diplomatists of us all, they will checkmate the presumptuous claims of Britain.

Presumptuous claim, indeed A *royal* claim, forsooth! to the most distant portion of this virgin world of ours! We will plant our standard on the ocean verge, and administer the caveat of the rifle!

The world was given to MAN, to subdue and enjoy; and *not* to kings—royal puppets—to quarrel for. Away, then, with the trivial conventional claims of the elder diplomacy—the inventions of the pope and the don, and other palace slaves! We will occupy, use, and possess.

Such expeditions as this will prove an ample protection to the migration, and the only one now practicable. Intermediate posts, unnecessary at best, could only be established at an immensely disproportionate expenditure. Even fuel could not be obtained in this vast grassy desert.

"On a bright morning, turning our backs on that lovely spot, Fort Leavenworth, the ties and comforts of *home*, we set forth on a march of 2,500 miles: duty, enterprise, and the excitement of change will strew our paths with flowers. We followed for more than two days the trails of previous marches, guiding us through the intricate and broken but picturesque grounds which border the Missouri. Right beautiful scenery it is—broken but verdant; with its many irregular vales, with the rich dark forest tree; in the distance, the bold blue highlands of the great river—itsself revealed in far-off silver spots. The third day we struck out boldly into the almost untrodden prairies, bearing quite to the west. The sixth day, having marched about ninety miles, we turned more to the south, crossing a vast, elevated, and nearly level plain, turning its branches on either side into two branches of the Blue river. Thus, without an obstacle for fifteen miles, we reached and encamped on its banks. We had the company of an afternoon rain, which lasted us for the night. Thus 'to sleep' *wet* is 'perchance to dream' indeed for young campaigners. It was just bad enough to elicit the jest of 'seeing the elephant'; but an amateur, who, in addition, here lost a horse, was *supposed* to have considered it a poor joke.

"We fortunately struck the Blue, where the pioneers soon made a ford practicable for our wagons. This is a difficult undertaking, to lead three hundred heavily armed men for four months beyond communications. It is not thus the Euro-

pean marches or goes to war. The foresight of much experience is requisite. Accordingly, we are incumbered with seventeen wagons, although the rations are greatly shortened; cattle are driven, and buffalo much depended on.

"The seventh day, leaving the Blue, and turning to the northwest, between two tributaries from that direction, we soon espied on a distant ridge the white wagon tops of the Oregon emigrants—mere dim specks on the horizon; we gradually approached, and in a few hours met.

"Here was a vast thoroughfare—a broad and well-worn road—better than a macadamized one; it is the longest and best natural road in the world. Endless seemed the procession of wagons; mostly light, and laden rather with family goods and children than heavier wares, for teams averaging perhaps two yokes of oxen. We inquired, and found that we had seen a mere rear-guard; and some three hundred other wagons, or families, were said to be in advance. This was cause to tremble for our sole resource for forage. The grass is backward and full short at best; and these Romulus-ites—these foster-children of the Missouri *bear*, (see the state arms,) we knew, take vast herds of cattle, like the patriarchs of old; and *we* cannot say, like Abraham to Lot, 'if thou wilt take the left hand I will take the right.'

"Having progressed about twenty miles we turned off to a small branch of the Blue, where we found that our friends in advance had left their mark. Here we had a frost.

"This little creek has made a section of about twenty feet through a stratum of yellow adhesive clay. At its foot was found a mammoth tooth, of which I obtained possession; the roots are nearly all gone; but, exclusive of them, it is two and a half inches long, two broad, but three fourths of an inch thick on one side, and only one fourth on the other. My guess is that it is the smallest grinder of a herbivorous animal. Can there be much doubt but that the skeleton might there be found *in situ*, to borrow a mineralogical expression!

"On the 26th we were off betimes, highly desirous to 'head' the very leading 'captain' of this vast migration; for we fear that, worse than the myriads of locusts which we saw east of the Blue, they will make a clean sweep of the grass at all the spots where it is necessary to encamp for water.

"After a very long march a camp-ground was sought at a small branch, fringed as usual with small tress trees—which are an unerring indication of water in the prairies; but the grass was found so backward and well-grazed, that we were forced to countermarch and retrace our steps above half a mile to a low spot, where it was to be found. Then had our soldiers, weary with the long slow march, in addition to their usual toil of grooming horses, pitching tents, cooking, &c. (making their extemporaneous settlement in the wilderness) to go afoot this long half mile and load themselves with wood and water. Such is a peace campaign; but cheerfulness makes all light. We had passed at noon a beautiful creek, with one of those island groves in the green ocean of prairie which are so refreshing to every sense—in whose cool recesses birds do congregate and sing musical greetings: delightful they are, with their cool sparkling brooks, and, pleasing most from the *contrast* to the hot bare plains around, are of the nature of, but more natural and sweet than, the *rus in urbe*.

After an hour's enjoyment we part, perhaps forever, with these friendly spots, and encamp, maybe, in an inhospitable waste. Such is the type of a soldier's life. Indeed it gives it all its zest; the excitement of change and uncertainties, the unlooked-for pleasure, and the difficulty overcome.

"I observed to-day with pain poor women trudging along the weary road. Three weeks ago they parted from every comfort; severed the ties of kindred, of civilization, (and of country, it may be said,) and their journey is scarce begun—a poor 150 miles, with 1,500 more before them! What privations are here; what exposure to stormy weather, cooking out of doors: they must unsex themselves, and struggle with all the sterner toils which civilization has happily cast upon the harder and rougher male. Is it possible that many of them willingly follow thus their life's partners for all the 'worse!' That old woman of sixty, whom I have often seen dispensing kindly the comforts and joys of the homestead fireside, does she willingly forswear the repose which her years, her virtues, her labors, and her sex entitle her to? And that child—that little boy, who, barefooted, limps along, holding for assistance to the hinder axletree of that weak old wagon—is his case to be pitied? Ah! but he may one day be the 'gentleman from Oregon,' who arrived in last night's cars, and to-day takes his seat in his arm-chair in the capitol.

"But there was a wedding last night! That damsel takes things coolly as they come. She is a fine girl for a new country. Beware, ye suckers, after the romantic! Cry not Eureka! and straightway with bold imagination found a love story with intricate plot of a maid of the mountain, who was wooed and won by a bold horseman of the prairie desert, and, scorning silken dalliance and trifling forms, yielded her hand, possibly, over the arching neck of prancing steed; for ruthlessly I shall wave my wand of truth, and, presto! the fabric will vanish. Thus, then it fell out. A driver of oxen, a homespun matter-of-fact lad—not even a 'leather stocking,' but clad in dirty woollen—having for some time observed with longing eyes a fair neighbor—that is, for three nights they had encamped on the same streams—a strapping lass, who was the possessor of the extra attraction of a beautiful red blanket—that is, an extra blanket; and he, all weary and cold of nights, (and that accursed frost!) with nothing between him and the rugged earth but a worn and well-singed blanket, thus forlorn and tempted by the splendid dower, and struck, too, with the obvious truth that two can sleep warmer than one—he bluntly proposed; the kind she consented to share his fate and her blanket; and they were wed! Thus clearly a *mariage de convenance*. I defy all story-tellers to make anything further of it. But Oregon will surely be peopled in due season.

"May 26th, we quitted early our camp-ground, and soon approached that far western and longest branch of the Blue, which seems to fulfil its destiny in leading the Missourians, by its hospitable waters and fuel, in the direct route of their new West; and, having ministered to all his pressing wants, turns him over—the 'divide'—to the like friendly offices of the great Platte—in late parlance, the Nebraska, which honest river is thus too desired to stand godfather to a most iniquitous territory, to people which the political hacks of a

very late day were willing to break all the last and most binding pledges of their country's faith—her voluntary and most solemn and plain obligations to the congregated remnants of many of the weak, ignorant, and helpless tribes of the red man; and the motives assigned were ridiculous, the assumptions false, the ignorance great.

"Approaching this other Blue, from its hill-tops we were struck with the beauty of its vicinity, indented far and deeply with narrow vales of a thousand shapes, their soft green dotted and fringed with the blue-green oaks. After this introduction, the road led us away again on a high plain, where we were for hours out of sight of all of earth but grass. But soon we saw before us a long line of wagons, with a vast herd of cattle. Approaching and passing as rapidly as we might, we learned that several such companies were some days gone on. The cattle were grazing like buffalo on the prairie, and I estimated them at their real number of one thousand; and then I was convinced, by comparison, that from one spot, by turning my head, I had seen at least two hundred thousand buffaloes.

"We descended at evening into the wide savannas of the Blue to make our night camp.

"A few hours after I had written the last sentence, a hurricane passed over the camp. No night was ever darker; the rain fell in torrents; many tents were prostrated. I cannot refrain from recording the impressions made on my mind in the moments of uneasiness and awe by this storm, the most remarkable in its sounds I ever heard. I imagined that vast multitudes of the wild horse and buffalo rushed madly over the earth, following some extinct mammoth animal revisiting its ancient haunts, and uttering at each moment a bellowing roar! The furious wind was sounding in the canvass of many tents; the incessant thunders strangely played a sonorous bass accompaniment.

"Next morning a bright sun set us all to rights by 9 o'clock. We still ascended this Western Blue; crossing now and then the feet of the hills protruding into the bottoms; at times winding through some great ravine or sandy-gully, washed by the rains of ages. The little river was now a turbid, rushing stream; its bottoms, a fourth of a mile wide, begin sensibly to lessen; the grass is very deficient from drought; but, turning short down from a high bluff, at the camping hour we fortunately found a sweet little valley and bottom, where the grazing was good, and was as fresh and beautiful as late showers and green groves could make it.

"May 29.—To-day, just as yesterday, we marched some twenty-two miles, following the stream, passing near night a small emigrant party. When desirous of making the night halt, we found that grass was scarcely to be had far or near; and, after a long search, the squadrons were necessarily dispersed over a half mile. This day a cool wind has blown freshly from the north, pure and invigorating, such as it is a pleasure to breathe. The hills are diluvial—mere sand, with a soil that scarcely supports a thin sod. As the hills break off, they are washed by the rains into fantastical shapes of white sand that prettily contrast the surrounding verdure. Many slopes beyond the stream are clothed with a tall old growth of grass exactly resembling ripe wheat. Adjoining are weed stubbles, with dead trees, which, together, are the picture of corn-fields with girdled trees. These sur-

round green hills and meadows, with groves and shrubbery, which we easily imagine conceal a mansion-house. Such beauties, to be seen on the stream in a day's ride, must deceive no one, for beyond all is barren; and this vast territory, between the frontier and the mountains, has not ten trees of all sorts to the square mile, and is, much of it, little better than a sand desert; even game is not found.

"Last night we had an arrival of an officer of the Topographical Engineers, with astronomical instruments. We shall thus be enabled, in our far-reaching expedition, to make important additions to a geographical knowledge, so much needed, of these semi-deserts. The longitude, for instance, of Jackson Grove, has been in debate between ours and the Texan government. That is the point where Captain Cooke, of the First Dragoons, performed the difficult and disagreeable duty of disarming a large force of Texan rovers, with the name of troops, whom he surprised within our frontier, and pursued across the Arkansas river, but at a point, as he believed, east of the boundary line.

"Marching later than usual this morning, there was no expectation of leaving the Blue; but, after six miles, we found that we were ascending the elevated and apparently nearly level plain, (called a 'divide,') where, in twenty-three miles, no water could be found, unless pools of the late rain.

"We passed, midway, at such a pool, an emigrant party of twenty-four wagons. These, as a specimen, were ascertained to be composed of thirty-one men, thirty-two women, and sixty-one children; they had two hundred and twelve head of cattle. We also met, on the ridge, Pawnees with some two hundred horse-loads of dried buffalo meat, which they were conducting to their village, perhaps seventy miles below, on the Platte. This is a temporary supply. After getting their corn fairly under way the whole tribe will move off on their 'summer hunt.'

"We arrived on the hills of sand bordering the remarkable valley of the Platte near sundown. At our feet lay two miles of level savanna; the waters of the broad river were nearly concealed by Grand Island, which is sixty miles long, and, like all others, well wooded. It is a rare thing to find a tree on either shore of the Platte. It was a beautiful sight. The squadrons winding along a gentle curve, two a-breast, over the fresh well-washed young grass, which the slant rays of a clear sun made brilliant. The horses had a gallant bearing: fifty blacks led, fifty grays followed, then fifty bays, next fifty chestnuts, and fifty blacks closed the procession; the arms glittered, the very horse-shoes shone twinkling on the moving feet. It was a gay picture, set in emeralds. Just then a hare, of the large black-eared species found here, bounded away from the head of the column, pursued by a swift dog. It was a beautiful chase for a mile over the greensward, which we halted to witness, but the hare proved the fleetest animal.

"The broad valley of the Platte is nearly level, rising but from two to five or six feet above the ordinary height of the water. It is composed of sand, through which the river spreads to its level. There is no rising above the universal flatness, which resembles the Delaware near its mouth. You have a horizon of green meadows, and frequently, too, of water. We had marched two hun-

dred and fifty miles (in part as explorers) in twelve days.

"May 30.—The trumpet sounds of reveille called us forth this morning, as usual, under arms, and we instantly witnessed a scene of beauty and sublimity such as the wanderer over the earth sees now and then when least expected. Above the illimitable plain to the west, dotted with white wagons and vast herds grazing, black clouds, tossed by a gale, came thundering on wrathfully, as the lightnings leaped from mass to mass, and from beneath the sympathetic river rolled forth in angry waves of dusty hue. To the east the sun was rising, dispensing a rosy glory over the calm and fleecy cloud-mists of his hemisphere, which was caught and reflected back by the dancing waves of the broad waters. It seemed a rebellion of the Powers of Darkness against the Spirit of Light. Then three hundred men uprose the midst upon the placid green, the sun shone forth, and the threatening storm melted into rain. This was a wondrous reality, breaking, all unprepared, at early morning, on eyes that had been closed the still night long, and on minds just roused from dreams of quiet home-scenes.

"Now, as I write, all is reversed: the sun sinks serenely on the western wave, while, in the east, a dark cloud mutters a menace of its power in the coming night. Sad types of the world's doings, and the busy varying warfare of good and evil. To-day we rest.

ST. GEORGE."

EVILS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

WHAT, ALL war wrong?

Yes, says the Peace man.

Then the war which gained American Independence, our glorious Revolutionary war, was wrong!

It was.

Then, sir, tell me this, if you can. Where would our great, prosperous, and happy country have been at this moment, but for that war?

I will tell you. It would have been more prosperous, more moral, and happier than it now is.

You cannot surely believe such an absurdity. Wonderfully prosperous and happy we should be, no doubt, remaining to this hour under the tyranny of Great Britain!

There is your mistake, my friend. You take it for granted, without examination, that we could never have freed ourselves from British domination, except by war. Now, I say, that we should have attained independence as effectually, as speedily, as honorably, and under very much more favorable circumstances, if we had not resorted to arms.

Very well: now show me how it could have been done.

Our fathers might have accomplished this object, great as it was, merely by taking the course which the society of Friends took to maintain their rights, and by which, though a small and despised body of men, they compelled the English and American governments to recognize and protect those rights. This course consisted of three things. 1st. A steady and quiet refusal to comply with unjust requisitions; 2d. Public declarations of their grievances, and demands for redress; and 3d. Patient endurance of what-

ever violence was used to compel their submission.

We have every reason to expect that steady perseverance in a course like this will ultimately succeed, wherever the cause is just. Because "moral might is always on the side of right;" and because governments are composed of men, and not of brutes.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that our fathers had acted in the manner I have mentioned, and see what the various stages of the process would have been. In every part of the contest, they strictly adhere to the principles above stated. They carefully refrain from violence, constantly remonstrate against the oppressive acts, and persevere in passive resistance.—When the taxed tea is brought to their shores, they universally abstain from the use of it. It lies undemanding in the ware-houses, and thus the plan of taxation, as far as that article goes, is as completely defeated as it could have been by violence and robbery. When the stamped paper is taxed, they carry on their business without it. This involves great difficulty, inconvenience, and embarrassment of business. No matter! They are patriots, and willing to suffer for their country; and the evils thus endured are infinitely less than the calamities of war. If direct taxes are laid upon them, they quietly, but universally, refuse payment. Their property is seized and sold to raise the tax. They patiently submit to this evil, for their country's sake, and rejoice that it is so slight in comparison with war. Imprisonment, insult, and abuse of every kind, are added to enforce the oppressive acts of parliament. Still no violence is used, either for defence or retaliation; but petitions, remonstrances, delegations are multiplied as the occasions for them recur. When all these measures are found to fail of success, they unite in solemn assembly to make to the world a declaration of their wrongs, and pronounce their formal separation from, and independence of the British nation. This movement excites new and more violent demonstrations of hostility on the part of the British functionaries. The signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the officers of the new government, are seized and sent to England to take their trial for high treason. No opposition is made, no defence attempted by the patriot leaders. They are ready to lay down their lives in support of the liberty of their country, and they rejoice to meet the danger in this form, in which they can explain and defend their principles, rather than to submit their cause to the decision of brute force on the battle-field, where their own fall would involve the destruction of thousands of their countrymen. They are tried by the constituted authorities of England, and calmly avow and defend their revolutionary measures. They are found guilty, sentenced to death, and (for we will suppose the worst) actually executed as traitors. But their defence, their bold and clear explanation of the principles of liberty, their new views of the relative rights and duties of a government and its subjects, are in the mean time eagerly read and pondered by all the British nation. And while this good seed is taking root in the hearts of the people, the source of power, let us return to the United States, and see what the revolutionists, thus suddenly deprived of their leaders, are doing.

As soon as that noble band of pioneers is taken from them, they choose others to administer the

affairs of the new nation. These, too, are seized as rebels. They immediately elect more. What shall the colonial officers do against such pertinacious, yet unresisting opponents? The whole population avow their determination to be free. The whole population offer themselves for punishment. The prisons are filled to overflowing with rebels; yet they have accomplished nothing, for every man they meet is a rebel. What is to be done! Shall they send for an army? That is needless, for their present force is unresisted. But suppose an army comes. They can do nothing but take prisoners and destroy property, and perhaps execute a few persons; for I take it for granted that they would not attempt to put to death the great mass of the population. All that they do to enforce obedience renders them more odious to the people, and nothing is effected towards destroying the principles of liberty. Intelligence arrives of the death of their leaders in England. This adds fuel to the fire. Their determination, before strong, is now irrevocable. On the other hand, the news of their measures, their pertinacity, and their non-resistance, is constantly going to the people of England, a people already moved to sympathy by the constancy and heroism of the patriot leaders, and already half persuaded by the arguments of those leaders that their cause is just. Can it be imagined, is it consistent with the attributes of human nature to suppose, that such a persevering and undaunted defence of principles so just would fail of working conviction in the hearts of a people like the English? Even were it possible for parliament to persevere in the attempt to subjugate such opponents by force, the whole English people, the whole civilized world, indeed, would cry out shame upon them, and force them to abandon the design, and finally to recognize the independence of the Americans.

It follows as a necessary inference from the principles before alluded to, namely, that moral might is always on the side of justice, and that governors and legislators are never destitute of the feelings and sympathies of men, that firm perseverance in such a course as I have described *must* have resulted in the acknowledgment of American Independence; and probably that result would have occurred in much less time than was occupied by the revolutionary war. This will be made perfectly clear by looking, for a moment, at the reason why Great Britain at last gave up the contest. Did we conquer that mighty nation? Not at all! Still less did they conquer us! Why, then, did not the war continue? Simply and solely because Great Britain was tired of fighting! absolutely wearied out by contention and its necessary consequences! Would not a similar pertinacity in time produce the same effect without the use of physical force? I say, we should *certainly* in this way have attained our Independence.

We will now suppose this object effected. Let us see what evils the pacific course has produced, in comparison with the evils actually resulting from the revolutionary war.

1st. **LOSS OF LIFE.** We will make a liberal estimate, and allow that one thousand persons have been executed as traitors, after deliberate trial and sentence; and that ten thousand (men, women, and children) have been slain, unresisting, by the exasperated British soldiers. Upon this enormously exaggerated supposition we have

eleven thousand lives lost. But it is computed that a hundred thousand Americans perished during the eight years of the revolutionary war. We have, then, a direct saving of eighty-nine thousand lives of American citizens by pacific measures. This alone should decide the question in favor of peace. But we have other considerations.

2d. **EXPENSE DIRECT AND INDIRECT.** Commerce, trade, and manufactures have been to a great extent suspended, and a large amount of property has been wantonly destroyed by the devastations of the enemy. But all this would have happened to a still greater extent in war; and the non-resisting policy has saved us the enormous expense of supporting an army and navy, and of building and equipping fortifications. The direct expense of the revolutionary war to our country is estimated, by Pitkin, at \$135,000,000. The same author has stated the direct expense of our military operations *since* that war, to be more than \$300,000,000. All this at least, \$435,000,000, we should have saved by the pacific policy.

3d. **THE INTERESTS OF MORALITY AND RELIGION.** If a whole people have such a sense of their duty to God as to refuse to protect themselves by means which he has forbidden, they will not be likely to neglect either to recognize his hand, or implore his protection, throughout the struggle. The Sabbath has been strictly observed, and the supplications of the nation have arisen more ardently than ever to Him who holds the hearts of kings in his hand. The mass of the people, having their minds intently fixed on the great struggle between liberty and oppression, and anxiously watching the contest of faith, love, patience and hope, against carnal weapons, have been strongly withheld both from trifling amusements and vicious indulgences. At the close of the struggle, therefore, the interests of religion and morality are more flourishing than at its commencement.

But, on the other hand, look at the long train of moral evils which crowd in the track of our revolutionary war. *Intemperance*, which has now become so extensively the disgrace of our land, unquestionably had its origin in the daily rations of spirit served to the revolutionary army and navy. *Sabbath-breaking* was abhorred by the descendants of the pious pilgrims, until war, which knows no Sabbath, broke over the appropriate employments of that day, and the reverence due to it. *Licentiousness*, the proverbial inmate of every camp, and *profaneness*, a vice almost universal among soldiers, have fearfully increased since their toleration in the revolutionary army and navy. Then the whole spirit and practice of war produce a slight estimation of the value of human life. Habits of plunder destroy that regard which we naturally feel for the sacredness of private property. The absolute and unconditional obedience demanded by military superiors, takes away the sense of individual responsibility to God. In short, war is permitted to suspend all the rules of morality.

The loss of \$400,000,000, and even the destruction of 100,000 lives, appear but trifling evils, in comparison with the enormous depravation of moral habits and religious principles which the revolutionary war has produced in this nation.

The considerations above mentioned entirely satisfy me not only that we should have gained our independence, but that we should have been more prosperous, better and happier than we now are, had there been no revolutionary war.

So much for *positive* results of the non-resistance plan. It may now be well to look at the subject in another aspect, and see what results *would not have taken place*, had our ancestors been magnanimous enough, honorable enough, CHRISTIAN enough, to refuse to fight with Great Britain.

Having gained their independence in the mode above mentioned, most assuredly THEY WOULD NOT HAVE CONTINUED TO HOLD THEIR FELLOW-CREATURES IN SLAVERY.

Upon this point we cannot be mistaken. Men who had been led by Christian principle to regard the rights and abstain from the destruction of their *enemies*, could not have deliberately pursued a system of oppression and fraud against their former fellow-sufferers. Men who had so strongly demonstrated their belief in the doctrine, that the whole human race are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, could not have systematically manufactured and used whips, chains, handcuffs and branding-irons. They would not have kept back the hire of the laborer; they would not have taken away the key of knowledge; they would neither have denied the theory nor shrunk from the practice of immediate emancipation. They would certainly have been, in truth as well as in pretence, a free people.

Again. They would not have proceeded to defraud, corrupt, and exterminate the original inhabitants of this country. They would neither have deprived the Indians of their lands, nor supplied them with liquid fire, nor broken their faith, plighted in solemn treaties, nor expended the revenues of the country in making war upon them. How much treasure, how much blood, how many precious lives, how many immortal souls, might they have saved!

Lastly. They would not have admitted the system of violence and retaliation as a constituent part of their own government. Having forgiven their foreign foes, they would have pursued the like Christian course towards every domestic enemy. Having conquered by suffering in the great contest between nations, they would have trusted to the same means for overcoming all minor evils. So far from depending on the gallows, the prison, the stocks, the whipping-post, for peace and quietness, they would utterly have rejected all such barbarous instruments, and substituted for them love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, hope, patience, meekness. And, doing thus, they would have found the word of God a sure reliance; the whole armor of God a safe protection.

A FATAL disease has been at work amongst the grouse for these four or five weeks past, over all the hills in Forfarshire, and other districts in Scotland. They are to be found dead in great numbers on the mountains, but particularly by the sides of small rivulets and mountain springs. The birds have been carefully examined; they manifest no external symptoms of distemper, or injury inflicted; they are quite plump and full of flesh.—*Atlas*.

CHAPTER III.

HIGH and low, east and west, Mrs. Luke had vowed a residence of four years on the continent to finish Robina, and she heroically devoted herself to the same length of exile. Poor lady, she little guessed what she so rashly undertook. It was with great difficulty she obtained the consent of the other guardians to take her daughter abroad; but Mr. Ewins first yielded to importunity, and, next, Bob Pirgивie, whose peculiar department was looking after the pecuniary concerns of the heiress.

For two years there was much less intelligence of the travellers than their female friends at home could have wished. During this period, Mrs. Mark Luke had remained near her daughter—at Boulogne, at Versailles, at Tours, and latterly in Paris. Sometimes she was really seen by persons from the west of Scotland; but much more frequently, Mrs. Luke was imagined to have been met with under very extraordinary circumstances. Her marriage was reported in her native circles at least once in every three months.

In the mean time, old Mrs. Luke died one afternoon, and had her repositories effectually ransacked by her attendant gossips—our now venerable, but still active spinsters of the Trongate. Several letters were found addressed by Mysie to her “dear grandmother,” which threw some faint light upon the motions of the absentees. The first was dated Boulogne. We shall give but one extract:—“After unpacking our trunks to get out our new London mourning, we dressed, and drove out to the *chateau*, which means a castle, but not one like Dumbarton or Inverary, nor yet London, or Cassillis House. I was so afraid—and so was mamma herself a little—to meet this grand Madame Didot we had heard so much about! But, dear grannie, only guess who she was! I give you and Grizzy, your lass, nine guesses. Who but our own old Miss Dedham, become very like a painted French lady! Mamma found her out at once; and so did I, and was very glad to see her; but she could not recollect us at first at all, nor speak any English to us. Mamma was so mad at the Stronachs for sending us to her! But, dear grannie, you must not say one word of this to Miss Parlane or Miss Betty Bogle—for mamma says they are such horrid, vulgar gossips; and she does not wish any one, not even the Stronachs, to know that Madame Didot was formerly the Smythes’ nursery-governess, and ours, as it might hurt their feelings.”

“The impertinent little cuttie!—like mother like dochter!” exclaimed Miss Parlane. “Miss Betty Bogle, indeed! But go on, mem—fine doings, truly!”

“Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, who is here, and many other grand gentlefolks, told mamma that Mons. Didot (Mons. means Mr.) was formerly his *rolet de place* at Paris. You don’t know what that is; but it is very like a flunkie with you. I have already been at three different schools here, and mamma in five French boarding-houses. Though there is very genteel society, and many officer gentlemen and their ladies in them, mamma does so long for a comfortable house of her own again! There is no breakfast, and no comfort, mamma says, and she hates French gibberish. The weather is terribly cold, and no carpets or good fires, and very ugly dining-rooms. I have had chilblains all winter; and yesterday, when I went

to visit mamma, her face was swelled, and her nose so blue. ‘O Mysie,’ says she, ‘I wish we were within twenty miles of the Monkland Canal, and we should have one rousing coal fire.’ Dear Grannie, I wish that too—for then I would see you.”

Miss Bogle kept silence so long as the relation of foreign grievances proceeded; but when the reader ceased, she also burst out—“Impertinent little gipsy, indeed, mem! ‘Gossips,’ quoth she! My truly, I’m mistaken if both mother and dochter do not give the world plenty of room for gossip. But what are ye come to next?”

“I’m glad these papers of our friend, that’s gone to a better place, has fallen into friendly hands like yours. These letters are not just for the eye of the fremmit, I’m jalousing.”

The next letter, some years later, was dated Versailles. In it, “dear grannie” was informed—“Mamma took me away in great haste from Mademoiselle Seraphine’s school. One day mamma gave a grand party. Sir Ogilvy was there, and several English gentlemen and ladies, with Mademoiselle and myself, and two of the boarders whose grandfather was a count—that is like a lord with you. Well, next morning, one of the gentlemen sent mamma a very polite letter, saying Mademoiselle had been an opera-dancer, and he remembered her as such at Lyons—that is, a playactress, and a very naughty woman. My mother was so shocked, and cried her eyes out, and talked of coming home from such wicked people, if Miss Parlane and the Glasgow gossips would not laugh at us. So off we came here. I liked that school very well myself. Mademoiselle was very good-natured, and a beautiful dancer, and did not wish to make the young ladies Papists, like the cross old governess in another school I was at.

“Mamma took me from the school before that, because the pupils got nothing but cold French beans to breakfast, and sometimes a cup of chicory, which is something very like the coffee you give Girzy, for her breakfast, after you are done yourself, and pour more water upon the grounds for her. It is not so nice, to be sure, as Hawkie’s milk, which I got at Halcyon Bank, but it is very well. Mamma talks of the Bank to our friends here very often; and there is a tall gentleman, whom we knew at Boulogne, who wishes to buy it from her at any price; but I hope mamma won’t give it to him, as it was my father’s place; and I heard Bailie Pirgивie one day say it was mine, as I was an heiress.”

“My word!” cried Miss Bogle, when the epistle was at this stage; “but Mysie Luke is mother’s dochter! She’s a sharp miss. Ye’ll see a stramash about the gear yet. But go on, mem.”

“The tall gentleman is called Colonel Rigby Blake; and he is either an Englishman or an Irishman, and not our countryman. He is very attentive to mamma when she walks out, and interprets for her and counts French money, which is not like our money; but I cannot say I like him, he stares so terribly. He teaches mamma and some other ladies short whist; and me tricks on the cards, when I visit my mother. Short whist is something like *Catch Honors*, which mamma used to play at long ago, but more genteel; for people lose more money by it. Dear grannie, do you remember when James Wilson and I used to play at *birky* upon your *whamled*

mahogany tea-board in dear Glasgow? You see I do not forget my Scotch—mamma calls it my Doric, which is a Greek tongue; and I don't think she is so angry at my vulgar words now, as she used to be at home. We heard from Mr. Ewins that James Wilson is learning to be a doctor at Edinburgh College, that he may get a post in India; but he should not go there, for my geography says, the climate is so hot that people get sick and die. Perhaps you will tell him that, grannie, when he calls for you."

We cannot longer follow the juvenilities of this epistle; the most important part of which was a marginal note, in the sturdy, stumpy hand-writing of Bailie Pirgivic, which Miss Parland immediately identified:—"N. B. To let Mounseer Colonel Rigby Blake two words into the mystery, which will requite him for his instruction of my ward in tricks on the cards."

"The mystery, Miss Bogle! What can it be? There is something under this colonel I cannot fathom!"

"Colonel, Miss Betty! Just such a colonel, I dare say, as the chieftain was, they called a captain in the cutter, whom Mrs. Luke had the impudence to introduce to my cousins, the Hawgreens, as a navy officer at their grand banquet some years since, though he turned out nothing better than a kind of saut-water gauger, and has last week married Nelly Stronach."

"But no' slighted Miss Isabella o' Hawgreen I hope," said the other, with a gentle sneer; "young ladies of family cannot aye afford to be so nice nowadays as wealthy merchants' dochters—but here's a parcel more of Miss Luke's letters in this drawer, tied up with a black ribbon. The date is only last year. It is marked *private*, too—what can they be about? It may be no' just fair to read them, Miss Penny."

"No' just fair! What does the woman mean? Do you think that I, or my father's bairn, would do a dirty thing, as if we were come o' huxtery folk?" This was meant for a hard hit. "To be sure, there is no written testament found yet, authorizing us to act, so far as we have rummaged; but were not her last words to me, said in your hearing, mem, 'Tak hame the six Apostle spoons and the siller posset-pot, Miss Penny, upon my blessing; and letna Jean Sprot get her lang fingers ower them—are they no' a' for my dear son's bairn, my darlin' Mysie?' Is not that a legal warrandice to search for papers, given by word of mouth, if not by deed o' settlement under hand and seal?"

"Certainly, mem," returned the less instructed Miss Bogle; and she continued—"I have heard of the Apostle spoons and the posset-pot, and should like weel to see them. It is said they have been among the Lukes since the spulyieing o' Blantyre Priory in the reformation times, when their namely forbear—a Mark Luke, too—commonly called the *Monk's Miller*, helped himself'.—And they are all for Miss Mysie! Well, them that ha'e muckle aye get mair—a body creeshes the fat sow's tail,' as the vulgar by-word gangs; but I aye thought the posset-pot was to be yours, mem, for like a compliment and memorandum."

Miss Penny was all unheeding even this disappointment of her reasonable expectations. She had poked into a secret drawer of the old-fashioned escrutoire, and found a voluminous letter, nor yet very old in date, and that date Paris. She read a few lines, and the skinny fingers of

the self-appointed executrix trembled with eagerness; the spectacles vibrated upon her sharp and semi-transparent nose. It commenced thus:—

"My dearest grandmother—I have such a story to tell you! But you must not speak one word about it to anybody in the world, save Bailie Pirgivic; and send for him and tell him as fast as ever you can. But pray don't tell your lass, Girzy—for I know you love to chat with her—nor cousin Jean, nor anybody, lest it should come to the ears of those spiteful old witches in the Trongate, who rejoice so to get anything against poor mamma." "Wha can the young cutty mean?" cried the indignant reader, laying the epistle in her lap. "Let me see:—there's Miss Jenny Catanach, in the Trongate, and Miss Christy Cammell, and Miss Rachel Rattray, and Mrs. Saunders, the widow —"

"We'll reserve that point, if ye please, mem," rejoined Miss Bogle, drily. "It's no doubt some one of those respectable ladies that's meant. Fine manners, upon my word, young ladies learn in France! Spiteful auld witches! the mislearned little limmer! But Mysie Luke will turn out Bauby Peaston's daughter; and that ye'll see, Miss Penny, if ye live lang—and say then I said it. But go on, mem."

"Go on!—my certy, here is a going-on!—Bauby Peaston has *kythed* at last," she said, skimming over the pages, as if keeping a look-out for breakers ahead, and desirous not to run foul of them in the dark a second time. Her gray-green eyes twinkled with mirthful malice. "It's surely something unco gude that ye keep it all to yourself, Miss Penny," said her companion pettishly; but a quick, creaking footfall was heard—and, puffing, Bob Pirgivic—now, like Hamlet, become "fat and scant of breath"—suddenly opened the door and fairly caught both ladies in the manner."

"Ye needna lay wyte on me, Bailie Pirgivic," whimpered the serving-maid of the deceased, following him into the room, her apron at her eyes: "I sent the lassie to warn ye the blessed minute the breath gaed out of my auld mistress' body. I wat she had nae sair warsle—she slipped away like the bairn fa'ing asleep at the mother's breast; and was scarce decently streeked when Miss Bogle, there where she sits, ripped her pouch, that aye lay below her bowster through her lang sickness, for the keys, and opened the 'scrutoire, let me do or say—"

"Me! ye audacious quean! I refer to Miss Parlane there—"

"Never mind, ladies," said the Bailie, coolly whipping up the letters scattered about—"ye wanted to help me in sealing up Mrs. Luke senior's effects, I make no doubt—so let us set about it. I'll thank ye for that paper you are sitting upon, by accident, Miss Betty."

"And is there such a person as Mrs. Luke junior, in the world, Bailie, any longer?" inquired the best informed, though still but half informed, Miss Parlane.

"Oh, fie, ladies! ye would not have Mrs. Luke get two husbands for her ain share, before other honest lasses like you get ane ava," said the facetious bachelor. Devoted as both the spinsters were to showing a decent respect to the memory and remains of their ancient friend, abandoned in her age by her own flesh and blood, they resented his ill-breeding so far, that he was obliged to make humble apologies before they would agree to attend the *chesting*, as the doleful and humiliating

cereemony of placing the corpse in the coffin is named. They were, however, somewhat conciliated by being legally constituted interim custodiers of the posset-pot and the Apostle spoons, and promised a keepsake when the spoils were divided upon the return of the Lukes.

The glimpse which one lady had obtained of the wanderings and aberrations of the heart of Mrs. Mark Luke, had only served to whet the curiosity of both. Miss Bogle, who was still strong, and always the more active of the two, wore out three pairs of heel-taps in this "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." Once the scent lay very strong after a young woman, the daughter of a lodging-house landlady at Largs, who had gone to France as the waiting-maid of Mrs. Gengebre, and had in this capacity crossed Mrs. and Miss Luke several times, both on the continent, at Cheltenham, and in London. But just as she was heard of, and matters put in fair train, the foolish girl, upon one half-day's courting, married an American sailor, and went off with him to Greenock, unmindful of the tea to which Miss Parlance had condescended to invite her—nominally, in respect of her mother having been a nurse in the Hawgreen family, but, in reality, on account of her superior continental intelligence.

If so simple a relation of the adventures of Mrs. Luke, as that which we have power to give, would have satisfied her former friends and acquaintances, it might have been obtained with much less trouble than the vague and contradictory account gathered by Miss Parlance and Miss Bogle, though, haply, much less romantic and extraordinary.

Mrs. Luke had, in fact, conceived herself exceedingly ill-used by her husband's settlement; but she prudently, and upon reflection, wished the affair kept altogether as quiet as possible. She was, at the same time, seized with one of those fits of restlessness, or fidgetting, which is so frequently a symptom of the excitement consequent upon any total or important revolution in our social condition. One clause of Mark's testament, reducing her jointure from £500 to £200, contingent upon her marrying again, had excited her especial displeasure. It was an outrage to her conjugal affection, an insult to her delicacy and prudence, matronly dignity, and maternal tenderness.

"I cannot surely be suspected of having counselled anything that must militate so directly against any sma' hope I might, at the end of year-and-day, have decently ventured to indulge for myself," said the provoking Bailie Pirgивie, to the ten days' old widow, winking, at the same time, to his brother-executor, as she swept through the chamber in full sables, her cambric at her eyes, in the first burst of resentment at this Herodian clause. True, this *post-mortem* jealousy only doomed her, under a penalty, to the "vowed and dedicate" condition that she had voluntarily affirmed three times before the seals were broken, should be hers for life; but no merely mortal widow can endure such insulting impositions and restraints upon personal liberty, and in a point so important. "I warned Mark against this clause," whispered the bailie to Mr. Ewins:—"Tie up a woman in her will, and ye set her red-wude upon what's forbidden—it's in the nature o' them, from Eve downwards—there will be nothing but marrying and giving in marriage in Mrs. Luke's head, from this hour forth, and it's weel if she escape matrimonial mischief."

Mr. Pirgивie's logic was not wholly false. The new-made widow, to whom such ideas might not so early, or ever, have occurred, was haunted day and night by curiosity to know who, of all their unmarried acquaintance, her husband could possibly have had in his eye, when he subjected her, at her age, to such conditions. Could it be —, or could it be —! We must not give name to the showy images of a certain baronet, and a young advocate, which flitted, like members of the line of Banquo, across Mrs. Luke's fancy.

Not only was this yoke fixed upon her; but, after an insulting preamble, praising her many virtues as a wife, it was stated, that, as Mark's "dear spouse, Mrs. Barbara Peaston, otherwise Luke," was to enjoy sole and uncontrolled power over the whole fortune, effects, and heritages of her late brother, Robert Peaston, Esq., planter, St. Kitt's, it was considered unnecessary to give her power over any part of her husband's fortune, which was to accumulate during the minority of her daughter, under certain restrictions and conditions "hereinafter enumerated." In brief, Mr. Luke's will, honest man as he was, displayed something of the sordid jealousy of a narrow-minded individual, who was fully better acquainted with the value of money to himself in trade, than of its best uses for his daughter.

"Power over my brother's heritage! and that is just nothing!" exclaimed the indignant widow. "Well, I deserved this at Mark Luke's hands! The wife I made to him—and the thanks I have gotten!" And a weeping was heard.

"Pardon, ma—dame," cried Mr. Bob—"every page of the testament shows the great regard of our late friend for his 'dear and loving spouse;' and as you have sworn against marriage—which, however, at eight-and-forty, is rather a rash vow—£500 a-year, the life-rent of Halcyon Bank, and all the furniture, is, permit me to say —"

"No more about it, if you please, sir," interrupted the widow, hastily, but with dignity. "Thank God, nothing can deprive me of the approbation of my own conscience, and the affection of my dear child."

That *rich*, independent child, was already become more important in her mother's eyes.

"—Or of a good liberal allowance for the board and education of the heiress," said Mr. Ewins, as a peace-maker; "my friend here will agree with me in that!"

"Beyond all peradventure," cried the hearty Pirgивie, the more readily, that he had previously been made to perceive that his friend's testament was so contrived as to endanger sowing the bitter seeds of envy and jealousy between the mother and her only child. "It must be an unreasonable sum that I'll think it my duty as a curator to object to."

This looked better; and Mrs. Luke was finally enabled to grumble to the tune of £1000 a year, of which her frugal fellow-executor, the bailie, assured her she might save one half.

This was one point gained; but a greater difficulty remained. Her daughter, according to Mrs. Luke's ambitious wishes, must not only be educated abroad, but remain at such a distance as would leave the matrimonial disposition of the heiress entirely with her mother; and, as a commencement, a reluctant leave was obtained for one year to be passed at Boulogne, as has already been mentioned.

At the end of that period, and of another of double the length, Mr. Bob threatened to withhold the supplies, unless the absentees returned to Britain; but Mr. Ewins would not consent to this extreme measure, and the time wore on until the heiress had reached the critical age of sixteen.

During those probationary years, the path of Mrs. Mark Luke had not lain on primroses. A woman of a less resolute spirit would have succumbed long before. Some of her manifold mortifications on the continent were of a kind which, though ludicrous, were too mean and humiliating to bear recital. Suffice it that Napoleon himself, with his family, (as it is now the fashion to call a general's staff,) never maintained a bitterer or more incessant skirmishing with Sir Hudson Lowe about household grievances, than did our Mrs. Luke with the ladies conducting the different *pensions* she had tried; regularly finding every one worse than another, until driven to the unavoidable conclusion, that, in her native country, now triply endeared by distance, she could have enjoyed more *real* comfort for £80 a year, than in France for 3000 livres. The question of *real* comfort is, however, one upon which French and English people never will agree; and, though a philosopher of the former nation has asserted that the only difference between one mode of living and another, and even between such extremes as Crockford's table and that of the parish work-house, is but three months, full three years had not convinced Mrs. Luke of this great dietetical fact, even to the limited extent of the difference existing between *comfort* at home and good fashion abroad. The consequence was, that, though, with the fortitude of a martyr, she affirmed her satisfaction and delight with all she saw abroad to natives of her own country, she had, in reality, squabbled and higgled with, suspected and denounced, almost every foreigner with whom she had come into contact for three years, and was only becoming somewhat reconciled to the sinful, reprehensible, and strange habitudes of the country, when about to leave it.

At her first going to France, all was bewilderment and disappointment. Next came blame and abuse. The national religion was a crime, the language an offence, the cookery odious, the wooden fuel beggarly, the household management insufferable, and female morals deplorable indeed! There was no fathoming the iniquitous depths of their white and red paint, or the falsity of their dyed hair and wigs.

In short, Mrs. Mark Luke had taken abroad a notion, far from peculiar to her, that France is one vast hotel or watering-place, got up for the accommodation and amusement of the rich English, and maintained by, and for them; and that, such being the case, great ignorance and perverseness were displayed in the keepers not rendering their dwellings, tables, and usages, more consonant and agreeable to British tastes and customs. Even French laces, toys, silks, and perfumes, here where they might be freely and openly purchased, became deteriorated in her eyes, lacking the dear delights of a smuggle. *Simelfungus* could not be more discontented than was Mrs. Mark Luke, who secretly grumbled from Calais on to Tours, in her long pilgrimage in a country which knew not of the glories of Halcyon Bank; and openly railed over the same ground back again to Boulogne; nor did she

ever discover how charming a land was that in which she had sojourned, until fairly settled in another.

And, during this long expatriation, what of the fashionable world had Mrs. Mark Luke not seen! Her vulgar husband, poor man! rich as he was, had gone to his grave in such total ignorance of *fashionable life*, that the marvel was how he could rest in it.

She had now got so far before the Smythes and Stronachs, that she became doubtful if the world of France had anything more to show; and if she might not now sit down for the remainder of her days, reposing with dignity under the laurels of Halcyon Bank, and talking her neighbors into amazed silence with Paris and Versailles, "the Alps, the Appenine, and the river Po,"—Colonel Rigby Blake, the Count di Gambade, and Lady Di Corscaden, the daughter of an English peer, and the widow of an Irish baronet.

For her original introduction to this high society she was indebted to Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, whom she had had the good fortune to be "able to oblige" at Boulogne; and, perhaps, some little to the attraction of her tea parties where *small* play was introduced—and to the convenience of trifling loans, frankly advanced, when English and Irish remittances proved less punctual than those regularly supplied to the day by Bailie Pirgivie.

This initiation certainly cost a few extra fees; but the grand principle of life is compensation. In giving teas, making small presents, lending occasional sums, and studying short whist under Colonel Rigby Blake and Lady Di Corscaden, the time had passed as pleasantly at Boulogne, as French landladies and French-English housekeeping would permit, until a slight alarm was felt by cash running short, and so very much spent! Above £700 in one six months! and Miss Luke's *pension* in arrear! besides other debts. It was astonishing how the money could have all gone.

"If Mark Luke could look up from his grave," sighed Mrs. Mark, as, pensively seated before her desk, she gazed and pondered upon Lady Di's receipt for £45 lent, and another from Colonel Rigby Blake for a larger sum, the price of a handsome lady's pony he had had the good fortune to secure for Miss Luke far under value, when his friend Sir Ogilvy went to Paris. A random thought did dart across Mrs. Luke's mind that the handsome pony was a dear enough purchase, small as was her skill in horse-flesh; and that there was just a bare possibility that the colonel might have touched a little in his character of negotiator; but she dismissed the unworthy suspicion, as ungenerous towards so gentlemanly and good-looking a person, and one so politely attentive to unprotected women—so marked, indeed, in his attentions to herself, that his friend, Lady Di, had rallied her upon it.

Bailie Pirgivie showed true masculine sagacity, when he prophesied that the prohibitory clause in Mark's will would put mischief into his widow's head.—Mrs. Colonel Rigby Blake! It did not sound amiss. But then the colonel (we believe *captain* was the home title) was Irish, on militia half-pay, and that forestalled, addicted to exchanging and buying racers and ponies, and to more formidable games than short whist. Mrs. Luke wanted not for shrewdness and observation. She knew the value of her present independent, unhusbanded condition; and, though vanity might betray her into a flagrant flirtation on an evening, a night

of reflection was, at any time, sufficient to restore the habitual caution of her country, and to divide empire between ambition and prudence. Still she was but a woman—and a tied-up widow!

At the same hour that Mrs. Luke was musing, as above, over her paper securities, Colonel Rigby Blake had, as was his wont, carried *Galvani* and the *Dublin Evening Post* to Lady Di's lodgings.

"Your ladyship did not honor Mrs. Luke's payable last night!" followed the compliments of the morning.

"No, indeed; I was lazy, and comforted myself with a *Colburn*, and nursed my megrim and Psyche.—My angel! keep down, will ye." Her ladyship caressed her fat poodle. "I hope you spent a pleasant evening. Who rose victor!—but I need not ask that."

"You surely forget, Lady Di, that there were only school girls, besides Mademoiselle Seraphine, and an eternal dance," said the colonel, reproachfully.

"So I did!" cried the lady, laughing; "and that you must, of course, dance attendance. Well, if gentlemen enjoy exclusive privileges, they must be content to suffer penalties too:—but I hope it won't be for nothing."

"Well, seriously now, Lady Di, I wish to take your opinion, this morning, of all mornings, about that same affair. You take me?"

"It is the Scots widow must take you," returned the lady, gaily breaking the ice.

"You're a wag any way, Lady Di, and always was, ma'am; but your opinion now as a friend."

"Oh, she is as rich as a Jewess; and, for a Scots woman, not very—oh, I have met much worse-mannered, broader-brogued Scots ladies, and of high rank, too."

"For my own part, I think Mrs. Luke a rather clever, intelligent, and well-informed woman, like all the Scots."

"And so do I—vastly clever, and intelligent, and well-informed, with a clear thousand a year—'one fair daughter and no more,' and she an heiress."

Colonel Blake's chops literally watered, while his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, d—n the thousand, if it were ten of them!—What I look to, is a handsome, well-bred, presentable, good-tempered sort of dashing woman—a good gig figure—and one who keeps the step, as if to beat of drum."

"Nay, it is hopeless!" exclaimed the lady, throwing herself back in a convulsion of laughter, in which the gallant lover joined, more, however, from sympathy than approbation.—"I see you are over head and ears—furiously in love!—Ten thousand pardons, though, for my impertinence," she continued, recovering her position and gravity. "I am the giddiest, most inconsequent creature in the world; but, as I see you are really serious—"

"Serious as life and death, Lady Di.—"

"I may assure you, that I entirely agree in your opinion of my friend, Mrs. Luke: she really is a charming woman, and the most obliging good creature, and so grateful for every small attention!"

"The girl is the only drawback; but, as she is provided for, and the mother has that thrille of independent pin-money—"

"Trifle, do you call it, Colonel Rigby Blake! Upon my honor, sir—"

"A thousand, your ladyship named it: now I have heard that £500 is the outside of it."

"A clear thousand, I assure you; I have, indeed, seen Mrs. Luke receive her quarterly drafts; and there is some great West India fortune or other in expectation, or reversion, or something of that sort. I shall be so rejoiced to see my new friend, Mrs. Luke, 'gentle her condition,' and my old friend, Colonel Rigby, wive well. There is but one stipulation I must make—"

"Name it, my lady!" said the colonel, rubbing his hands; too generous to object to a lady doing some little thing for herself, who had the power of effectually serving him. "Sure, what in life is the use of gold, but to purchase pleasure! and what pleasure on earth so great as making a compliment to one's friends!"

Lady Di had been too long, during her husband's lifetime, in quarters in Ireland, not to know the exact Irish meaning of the word *compliment*; but, extravagant and thoughtless as she habitually was—ready to borrow on all hands, and rapacious at the card-table—she could not just make a cool bargain of her new friend, Mrs. Luke, though she was good-naturedly willing to help her older friend to a good match, which might have its conveniences to herself.

"Nay, I shall let you off *asy*," said she, apprehending all her advantage, and despising, without morally reprobating, the offer of the jackal's share of the prey to herself.—"My only stipulation is, that you make Mrs. Luke purchase that delight of a Swiss carriage which the Thorntons are going to dispose of. All the world has left Boulogne, and the rest of it is grown so stingy, that one can no more command a friend's carriage than maintain one; but Mrs. Luke, good soul, is so obliging, that hers, I am sure, would be a diligence for the use of her friends."

"Say no more—it shall be done, my lady—only put in a good word for your humble servant. Sure, my carriage—or my wife's carriage, which is the same thing—ought, in nature and duty, to be at the command of my late commanding officer's lady, by night or by day, fair weather or foul."

The words were not well said, when a note was brought, addressed by Mrs. Luke to Lady Di, which that lady perused with a look of pettish vexation, and handed to Colonel Rigby, saying—"You know this person asks what is quite impossible, Rigby;—here is the mischief of accepting of any obligation from those sort of *cent-per-cent* people. What can she be after by this quick march!—But it is just, I dare say, a pitiful excuse for dunning."

What could she be after, indeed!—places taken out for Paris, and for next morning! Colonel Rigby's basket of Galway eggs seemed fairly over-set, long before the chickens were hatched; and he looked so comically perplexed, so mirthfully rueful, so perfectly *Irish*, as Lady Di said, that she was seized with another of those fits of laughter, which might have been fancied the height of rudeness in Mrs. Luke, or any lower-born woman, but which only became her.

But this was the time for action, not for reflection—and the colonel took his hasty way to Mrs. Mark Luke's.

The widow was denied; but the colonel, sending up his card, with a message that he came direct from Lady Di Corscaden, was finally admitted into the separate *parloir* retained by her. It was

deserted at this moment; but, on a work-table, lay a letter just begun, with a few other scattered writings, and Mrs. Luke's private memorandum-book. Colonel Rigby Blake was a man of honor—every soldier is so, and he had been a soldier for thirty years—but he was also a man of liberal curiosity, especially where his *affections* were concerned; and his eye-glass dangled over the table, as he stooped, so opportunely and temptingly, that the words, as it were, seemed transcribed on his brain without the intervention of his visual faculties or their optical helps. The burning words were—"Dear Bailie Pirgovie,—We are on the wing for Paris, where I must have an immediate credit for £300 this ensuing quarter—£50 to be deducted from the next payment; as, owing to some little advances, I have exceeded my usual quarterly allowance of £250—I say my allowance, not my *income*; for, I trust, so vigilant a steward as Mr. Pirgovie has a great deal to send me as arrears of the rent of Halcyon Bank and the grounds. As a friend of mine here, Lady Diana Corscaden, relict of Sir Dermot Corscaden, of Castle Corscaden, barony of Tirrykeeranvey, observed to me, the other night, 'The soil of France is a sponge for English gold—it swallows our guineas, and sends us up truffles instead.'"

At this point, a faint feminine rustle of silks was heard by the conscious ears of Colonel Rigby Blake, who, wheeling, whistling round, was caught by the fixed gray eye of a miniature painting on the chimney piece, which conscience whispered was that of his predecessor in that high place in the affections of Mrs. Mark Luke which he now ambitioned. The miniature was flanked on the right by one of Mrs. Mark Luke herself, in grand costume; and, on the left, by that of her daughter. Mrs. Luke was not, like some widows, ostentatious of her husband's miniature, but she had, this morning, placed it there when arranging her more precious luggage for her speedy decampment. The colonel could just fix the devotion of his gaze upon the picture on the right, with a very respectable, though somewhat overblown attempt at a sigh, when the fair original stood before him!

Solomon has given a catalogue of mysteries which lay beyond the reach of his celebrated wisdom and powers of penetration, as "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid." But we opine that the way of a gallant and experienced Irish officer of militia with a widow, well-jointed, might have equally set his royal sagacity at defiance. We, therefore, who are no Solomons, at once give it up. Suffice it that Mrs. Mark Luke, albeit the guardian miniature on the chimney-piece, was surprised in a not inauspicious mood:—a helpless, unprotected woman, in a strange land!—exceedingly shocked and alarmed at having just learned the suspicious character of the person with whom, on the recommendation of Lady Di, (who, by the way, not unjustly accused herself of being the giddiest creature in the world,) she had placed her daughter. She durst not affront her fashionable patroness, the friend of Colonel Rigby Blake, by complaining of the equivocal Mademoiselle Seraphine; and she was still so much under the influence of vulgar prejudice, as really to feel much of the horror which the colonel, not unnaturally, imagined might be in part exhibited to operate upon his gallantry and sensibility. Her own pride also was mortified at having committed so capital a mistake, which,

she feared, might, through the envious Madame Didot, take wind, and even reach Glasgow; and she saw no safety but in instant flight to Paris. In this perplexing condition, the colonel found Mrs. Mark Luke.

We are all beings of mixed motives and varying impulses; and though it is next to impossible that the distress of any unjointured Mrs. Luke in the whole world could have long or deeply affected the gallant soldier, her emotion and evident pleasure in seeing a hero by her side in this turn of evil fortune, were not without effect. The colonel was the first person who had addressed her in her sorrow, in kindly English speech—or something as near it as a rich, genial, Galway brogue can attain. The colonel became so much interested, that, had Mademoiselle Seraphine been of the fightable sex, he would at once have called her out. As it was, he heartily volunteered to be the military escort of his "Dear Mrs. Luke and her pretty little daughter," to Paris, or wherever they pleased; in the warmth of his temporary feelings, forgetting entirely the ways and means necessary to achieve so chivalrous an enterprise. But, "Let war support itself," was his maxim.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," replied Mrs. Luke, tearfully, to the frank, hearty offer, so gallantly tendered to a lone woman, in a strange land, with the precious charge of an heiress.

Mrs. Luke was, in short, at this crisis, "comforted marvellous much" by the address, politeness, and zealous friendship of Colonel Rigby Blake. She had never seen the superiority of military gentlemen, as advisers and protectors, in so conspicuous a light as at this trying juncture, and she vowed she never could forget it.

It was Colonel Rigby Blake who brought Mysie, and her goods and chattels, from the seminary of the screeching Mademoiselle Seraphine, *vi et armis*, and that with very little ceremony. It was Colonel Rigby Blake who forcibly beat down the jabbering lady-mistress of the *pension*, 500 franks of her extras, and who finally sold the beautiful lady's pony for £15, which he had so lately purchased for £55—but then there was no time to look about for a proper purchaser. The same haste, Mrs. Luke fancied, must have made him forget to give her even that £15; but all would be in good time when they got on the road.

Fairly on the way, Mrs. Luke seated between her daughter and her brave deliverer, felt quite serene and grateful under gentlemanly protection; yet it was very odd, too, that, stage after stage, when the colonel, her purse in his hand, settled for them at the inns, he never once remembered the price of the pony, on which £40 had been lost in three months. It may seem as odd to the reader, that Mrs. Luke should have been musing upon the propriety of matrimony with a person who troubled her with such doubts, and whom, if in Scotland, and in her husband's lifetime, she would inevitably, in similar circumstances, have set down as a swindler. But, do we not every day see the advertisers for suitable partners for life, adding an N. B., "All letters to be post-paid"—twopence being too much to put in jeopardy if haply the negotiation should not succeed? and in £15 there are many twopences.

Colonel Rigby Blake was no swindler, properly so called. Wealthy widows were his lawful prey; and, if he prevailed with himself to sacrifice his liberty, his free unhoused condition, all

was in honor; and he would have fought any man who presumed to think, say, hint, or wink anything else—hair-triggers, and across the table. It was, indeed, in his own estimation, no small condescension to prudence and creditors which enabled him to waive strong personal objections in respect of age, family and nation, and of his predecessor the grocer.

But let the world say what it might, the gallant colonel was ready to proceed to the altar with the honest and entire conviction that Fortune, in this unequal contest, had given Mrs. Luke greatly the advantage of him, and by far the best bargain, when it laid at her feet the five feet ten inches length of the gallant Denis Rigby, "lord of that presence, and no land beside." It is, therefore, unfair to set the colonel down, as Bailie Pirgovie rashly did, the moment he had read Mysie's letter to her grandmother, as a swindling fortune-hunter, and rascally Irishman, who would, however, probably cease his devoirs the moment he knew how pecuniary matters stood; unless he was all a lie together, and the pittance remaining to the infatuated woman, if she should marry, an object to his necessity or cupidity.

In his opposition to her projected union, Mr. Bob Pirgovie was perfectly disinterested. He thought no more of Mrs. Luke for himself, than if she had been the eldest daughter of the sultan—nor, indeed, of any of her kind; but he could not bear "that Bauby Peaston, his old friend, and the widow of his friend, Mark Luke, should make a fool of herself, and, perhaps, a wretch; vex little Mysie, and bring disgrace upon the 'sponsable memory of the worthy grocer.'" The bailie was troubled with restlessness and nightmare that whole night; which he set wholly down to the account of Colonel Rigby Blake, though some degree of the affliction might be fairly attributable to supping heartily on Glasgow tripe, to which favorite viand he had treated a certain Lieutenant Kennedy of his acquaintance, in order slyly to fish among the veteran's Peninsular recollections for some trace of the hero in question.

The lieutenant recollected Blakes of all degrees, among the *Connaught Rangers*, the *Kerry Boys*, the *Enniskillens*, and other regiments; but no Colonel Rigby of that name. Bob suspected there was no such *true* man; and hesitated whether he should set off on the top of the Carlisle mail next day, on his way to France, or try the effect of manœuvring, by an anonymous letter, *via* Hamburgh, sent through his correspondent there, to the gallant officer, filled with solemn warnings as to the real amount of Mrs. Luke's jointure, in the event of her second marriage.

"I wish to the pigs," soliloquized the bailie, as, with some feeling of annoyance and self-mortification, he folded up this cunning epistle—"I wish to the pigs, Mark Luke had lived to look after his women-folk himself. It's hard that a peaceable man like me, who, for weel on to three-score years, have kept clear o' the kind, should get his hands full o' them when he is wearing up in life, and needing quiet and rest. It is hard to have the fash o' the sex, without ever knowing what the haverel poets call their 'angelic ministrations'—though in what these may preceesely consist"—But here the skeptical Bailie pressed his seal energetically upon the wax, making a corresponding impressive face, and abruptly broke off his soliloquy. His initials, R. P., with his blazon of two hands cordially dove-tailed by

ten fingers, stared upon him, and he burst into a laugh of the mixed mood.

"It's clear, nature never intended honest Bob Pirgovie for an anonymous letter-writer. If the woman cannot be saved otherwise, she must e'en take her chance"—and saying this he jerked his elaborate epistle into the fire, and retired to consult his pillow.

In the mean time, afar off in Paris, Mrs. Mark Luke had first doubted—"but that not much"—whether it became her at forty-nine (she was determined to halt at forty-nine) to marry at all; next whether Colonel Rigby Blake, to whom, however, she owed so very much, should *not* be the happy man; and, lastly and most important, whether it was strictly decorous, at her mature years, to assume the virgin costume of white and orange flowers, admitting, for a moment, that the above minor points were settled. Nature, or vanity, which satirists of the bearded sex pretend is, in woman, second nature, speedily solved the first doubt; the happy audacity of the gallant Galwayman—who practically knew

That woman, born to be controlled,
Stoops to the forward and the bold—

the second; while nature or vanity, again, through the lips of Madame Fontange, a Parisian priestess who, in 1819, ministered to many "*mi ladis*," determined the third, entirely to the internal satisfaction of Mrs. Luke, by covering the white silk with Brussels lace, and mingling *immortelles* with the wreathes of orange blossoms, though this floral admixture was, we fear, scarcely *comme il faut*, or classical.

Still Mrs. Mark Luke was troubled with doubts and misgivings. What would be said in the Tron-gate to her marrying an Irishman? What would the Smythes think? What influence would her marriage have upon her daughter's prospects? Might not Mr. Ewins, who was *prejudiced* on some points, or Bailie Pirgovie, vulgar and obstinate upon all, object to Mysie remaining with her after her marriage, and thus a diminution of income accompany the loss of her daughter's society and guardianship? Ought she not to consult her fellow-executors, and represent to them the advantages which must result to their ward from the projected union? Still she could not get rid of the apprehension that they might not see the affair in the same light with herself, and procrastinated, like so many elderly, and also young ladies, until destiny takes the form of a not unfavored lover, and determines for them.

While in this state of suspense, one of those seemingly trifling incidents upon which sometimes so much depends, determined the question, and bent up each stubborn faculty to the terrible feat. Lady Di Corscaden arrived in Paris, settled in the same hotel, and fell into her former habits of intimacy with Mrs. Luke, whom, to all her friends, she laughingly declared to be the most obliging, good sort of useful creature she had ever known—one whose kindness it was impossible to weary out, tax it as one might.

Her ladyship enjoyed a tolerably extensive acquaintance among a certain class of the English and Irish in Paris, and did wonders for her friend in the way of introductions—which led to nothing. And why? Because Mrs. Mark Luke had no *status*. Mrs. Colonel Rigby Blake might, without the possibility of objection, appear at the parties of the ambassador's lady; but, in order to

do so, she must first appear at the ambassador's chapel, and there obtain the requisite credentials; and this proud distinction itself was only to be obtained by the friendly offices of Lady Di, who had a near relation an *attaché* and a favorite with his excellency. How would it read in the Glasgow newspapers some morning—"Married, at the Hotel of the British Ambassador, Paris"—or at all events, "at the British Ambassador's chapel"—for it might run either way, though the first was preferable!

Every doubt vanished; and Lady Di herself volunteered to be present—with several military men among the English. As many of the French noblesse might be procured as the colonel chose to select for a marriage garland, from among those he usually met in the mornings at the coffee-houses, and in the evenings at the theatres and gaming tables.

The snowy robes and orange-flower chaplets were finally laid out in their freshness and beauty upon the bed, for next morning's happy consummation. Sempstresses and milliners were, in the mean while, continually sending in small parcels and very long bills, and the colonel's remittances through his Dublin agent, had come, as usual, so exceedingly tardily, and he had been so often, of late, ashamed of "bothering his dear Mrs. Luke for a few more gold pieces," that her tremors and *migraine* became serious; especially when she watched the tears silently stealing down the cheeks of her daughter on the preliminary morning.

Miss Luke had been brought to Paris from school, upon this joyous occasion. Her share of bridal finery was ample, and her mother, in purchasing a new watch for herself, (chosen by the colonel,) had endeavored to make the young girl happy with her old one and other trinkets. The young heiress, wounded at heart, resented this attempt at *bribing* her judgment and gaining her approval. Though the mother was unable to look with indifference upon the distress of her only, her affectionate and sensible child, she found it necessary to dissemble.

"Get yourself ready to go out, Robina, love; the colonel and Lady Di will be here immediately to take us to the Garden of Plants. You know this party is made up chiefly for your gratification, as the colonel has no partiality for Natural History. You shall afterwards dine with us and a small select party of friends at *Tortoni's*. This is an indulgence the colonel has requested for his daughter—you know how very fond he has always been of you." Mysie sullenly hitched round her stool and replied not. "You must get over your childish Scottish notions, Robina, and learn to treat the colonel with becoming respect, as your papa—the husband of your mother."

Poor Mysie now sobbed outright, and covered her face with her hands.

"What is the matter, child? How can you behave so absurdly?" cried the really distressed bride.

"Oh! dear mother, don't ask me! but, indeed, indeed, I do wish I was at home again with my father's friends in Glasgow."

"Your father's friends in Glasgow! You poor-spirited creature!—with all I have done for you, to make a gentlewoman of you, Miss Luke, and get you properly educated and introduced into society! And this is my thanks for all my cares and sacrifices, ungrateful girl as you are!"

"Mother, I am not ungrateful. I love you as much and more than I ever did, and that now makes me miserable and breaks my heart. When we were at home, you wont to say sometimes that I had an affectionate disposition."

"Show it now, then, my love, by proper conduct," said the mother, caressing her. "In the step I am about to take, your happiness, Robina, has been a first-rate object with me. To give you that *protection* and *status* in society which belong to the daughter of Colonel Rigby Blake, to lift you out of the mire of *low*"

"I am not the daughter of Colonel Rigby Blake," retorted the girl, with spirit and firmness that at once astonished and made her mother uneasy; and she rose and withdrew herself from her mother's arms—"I am my own poor father's child, and your child; but I do not like—I *hate*, and I owe no duty to Colonel Blake—I will never call him father!" Her eyes glowed with passion.

This was the *dourness* of the Luke race unexpectedly developed in a child, and in a very extraordinary manner. Mrs. Luke could scarcely believe her own eyes and ears. For the moment she was effectually cowed; and a feather would, at this time, have turned the scale, if the daughter had known how to cast it in. But the docility and reverence of a child, and the habit of unquestioning submission, which had given way in a moment of passionate feeling, when the dawning spirit of the woman had flashed out, resumed their power; so poor Mysie began to cry; and the harder, though not the stronger, not the really firmer, temper of age regained its ascendancy over inexperienced and affectionate docility.

"Beware, Robina, how you provoke me too far—remember I am still your mother. I might at this moment send you back to your school to learn your duty to me and to your future father"

"He never shall be my father," said Mysie, now pettishly, and in a tone much less firm, and lower in *moral* pitch, than that which nature had so lately prompted her to adopt when singing the same tune. "Never, never—I *hate* him! and so do Lisette and all our young ladies that come here to visit with me."

The color of the bride-elect deepened several shades through her rouge—*rouge* we say; for, alas!—so much for Scottish frailty and Parisian immorality and temptation—Mrs. Mark Luke, under the open, glaring example of Lady Di Corscaden, and some other British ladies, had become so utterly abandoned—so completely the thing that had once filled her with virtuous horror and indignation, as—to use red paint!

"Lisette, child!" she faltered—"my *fille de chambre*!"

"Yes, mamma!" and the young girl, blushing and trembling, the consciousness of the woman's feelings heightening the shamefacedness of the child, cast down her abashed eyes before her mother, while she said, with pettish affectation, meant to disguise those feelings—"He is so rude—always teasing us, and trying to salute us, as if we were babies!"—And Mysie pouted her lip in resentment and offended delicacy—"We all hate him."

The girl's eye caught her mother's, and remained as if fascinated by the rapid and remarkable changes which the troubled countenance before her underwent. It revealed far more than poor Mysie ever had before dreamed of—horror,

jealousy, mortification, shame, and a hundred conflicting emotions, were momentarily visible in its workings.—A little more dignity in the persons and situation might have made the scene highly tragic. As it was, it bordered on the tragi-comic, if not on the ludicrous. All the blood had forsaken the face of the bride-elect, and her rouge was boldly outlined by the clammy livid white that seemed to surround it. Mysie became frightened at her mother's ghastly aspect, and sensible that she had done some deadly mischief.

"Dear mamma, are you ill?" she exclaimed, seizing her mother's hands. "Oh! how I wish we were at home!—You were always so well at Halcyon Bank. There were no Lady Dis to laugh at us there."—

"Laugh at me, child!"

"Yes, yes, mamma—ask Lisette."

"Lisette, again! You are a strange, bold girl, Robina. Get out of my presence, and prepare to return to school instantly. Instantly, I say!" And the lady stamped with her foot, probably unconscious of what she did, or why she thus acted.

"I shall any way be happier at school than seeing you make a fool of yourself, ma'am," cried Mysie, darting out of the room, and almost into the arms of her future papa, who gallantly caught her and forced her back, while she struggled to be free. The discomposure of both ladies, and the excessive agitation of the elder one, proclaimed a recent fracas, and the colonel fancied it most prudent to suffer the one to escape before he brought the other to confession. Even then he was not urgent for explanation, thinking it wisest to allow "the little tiff between mother and daughter to expend itself unnoticed."

In a half-hour, Mrs. Luke, more composed in her spirits, sought her daughter, whom she found in tears.

"Robina," she said, "on the solicitation of Colonel Blake, I am ready to forgive your extraordinary and undutiful conduct and language of this morning. Prepare to attend me;" and, as Mysie looked latent rebellion, she added, in a louder tone, "Upon your duty, I command you to come down stairs, and conduct yourself with propriety:—and I will be obeyed."

"I will attend you to-day, mother; but I sha'n't to-morrow morning. Pray, do not be so cruel as to require me." And Mysie wept afresh and bitterly.

Mrs. Mark Luke was provoked beyond measure; but she was pierced to the heart also. Cruelty!—to be compelled to witness her married in the Ambassador's chapel, dressed in white silk, Brussel's lace, and chaplets of orange-flowers;—to a man, too, of the *status*—that was become a favorite word—of Colonel Rigby Blake! Her own doubts and fears momentarily gave way to indignation at the perverseness of her daughter, for whose sake half the perilous adventure was made—so at least she chose to believe.

It is one of the pithy sayings of Mrs. Luke's native land, that "One man may lead a horse to the water, but ten will not make him drink." Poor Mysie got into the carriage in waiting, at the word of command, and was paraded through the Garden of Plants, suspended from the one arm of the gallant colonel, while her mother leaned, in bride-fashion, upon the other; but nothing could overcome Mysie's sullenness—as the mother wished to consider the deep grief and shame of the child—woman—nor animate her to the semblance of cheerfulness. Colonel Rigby Blake,

though complexionally what is denominated a fine, hearty, good-humored, off-hand fellow, became almost angry with the perverse damsel; while Mrs. Luke felt more distress than she chose to discover; again faltered in her purpose of wedlock, and almost wished that there was still room for graceful retreat even from the Ambassador's chapel.

Lady Di Corseaden, and the French gentleman who attended her ladyship, made nearly the whole expense of the conversation and gaiety. Colonel Rigby was already a well-known, probably the word is, a notorious, character among the Irish and English at Paris. His fame had preceded him; and the circumstances in which he appeared—a notorious fortune-hunter, upon the eve of realizing his projects, and running down his quarry, after a hunt of nearly twenty years, through all the covers of country-balls, races, and watering-places—drew attention and remark to the group. There were several English parties in the gardens, who stared and used their eye-glasses, as they passed, in a style which rather disconcerted Mrs. Luke, accustomed as she was become to the public gaze, and completely overwhelmed her daughter. Which of the two was the most shocked to understand by the passing whispers that the younger lady was generally mistaken for the bride, it is not easy to say; but the blunder seemed to afford more amusement to the gay Irishman, seven years her junior, than the real lady of his love altogether relished.

Once mistaken for her husband's mother-in-law, the error might be repeated; and she turned to her daughter, grown tall, and suddenly, as it seemed, womanly in her figure and demeanor—at least on this morning, when her calm and determined, and rather comely Caledonian countenance, reflected a burden of grave thought seemingly incompatible with her green years. The state of Miss Luke's feelings had communicated a degree of reserve and stateliness to her demeanor, which added an inch to her stature, and two or three years to her age. Mother and daughter—so fashion had ruled—were dressed exactly alike; but the youthful and more flexible figure of Mysie, though naturally of substantial mould, had taken more of the peculiar *tournure* of France, that envy and aim of all female Europe, than her zealous mother had been able to attain.

On this important day of parade, the desire of displaying extreme elegance and a youthful air had converted the ambitious widow into that most ridiculous of all overdressed oddities—a Brummagem French woman, an absurd counterfeit, to be detected all over the world with half an eye. Her elaborate toilette had probably drawn an increased measure of public attention to Mrs. Mark Luke and her party; and the ever-laughing—when she was not crying—Lady Di, protested they would be *mobbed*, and begged the colonel to walk his ladies in quicker time.

From the midst of a mixed group of students, French, American, and English, who seemed to have been just dismissed from a lecture, two individuals broke hastily away, and directly confronted our promenaders. One was a slim, elegant youth, whose dress and complexion bespoke him a Briton, and the other—but he shall speak for himself:—

"It's no possible, Mr. James, that painted Delilah can be the widow of your auld maister, and my leal friend, Mark Luke;" and Bailie Pirgивie,

this *aside* delivered, peered curiously under the demi-veil of the Scotch-French woman, the elder lady; while the eyes of Miss Luke were riveted upon the youth—and her face kindled and glowed with the full consciousness of the delightful recognition of her countryman and early companion.

The colonel felt the sudden nervous tremor communicated to his fair charge by the apparition of the strangers, even before Mysie had drawn her arm from his, and plunged her united hands into those of Bailie Pirgovie, exclaiming at the same time, "Mamma, don't you know James Wilson? I am sure it is he."

"Sure and certain," cried the astonished bailie, while the young man paid his respects, and with a very good grace, to Mrs. Luke—"Sure and certain it is James; but can it be Mysie Luke I am looking at?" And the worthy man shook hands with his fair ward over and over again, blessing himself in wonder at the change which had come over her in the four years between twelve and sixteen, and at the obvious improvement which had been effected in her appearance, even in France. Here was the miracle, the mystery, to Mr. Pirgovie. At a second glance there was, to be sure, something outlandish about her air and step, and the cut of her bonnet; but, as she clung to his arm in a transport of joy, voice, and manner, and look, were all as kindly, if not as *couthie*, as Mr. Bob's honest and warm Scottish heart could desire; and then the twinkling and almost roguish smile of his dear old friend Mark was visible through all, and completely overpowered him.

"France has not altogether changed you, Mysie," he said, with some slight tremor of voice and moisture of the eyes; "ye are still my ain Mysie Luke, my auld friend's dear and only child."

"Still your wee 'four-neuked Mysie,'" cried the momentarily happy girl, in merry recollection of the bailie's former description of her roll-about childish proportions; and she glanced towards James Wilson, not without some consciousness of not having degenerated in personal advantages since they last met, far as she fell short of him.

"Ye are a tighter, more strapping lass than I e'er thought to see ye.—But I'm come to take ye home, Miss Luke. Ye are become a serious charge to Mr. Ewins and me. Such is our determination, and I trust ye will not object."

"It is the happiest news I have heard for many a day," cried the girl, with vivacity; and she looked from her mother to her old friend James Wilson, who was still answering the incoherent, rapid questions of the agitated bride, to whom the bailie now advanced, and made his reverence.

"*Serviteur, ma-dame!*" and he flourished his hat, and scraped in the manner which had so often in former years provoked the wrath of Mrs. Luke.

"For Heaven's sake, who is this original?" cried the ever-laughing Lady Di Corseaden, who had now joined the group; some of your Scottish cousins—is it, my dear Mrs. Luke? Do, pray, introduce me." The bailie eyed the elegant suitor for the honor of his acquaintance with a kind of comical apprehension, as if he feared her dangerous, but disdained the unmanliness of flight before the fair face of a lady.

"We stop the path," cried Mysie, walking him smartly off, to the infinite relief of her mother, while Lady Di again exclaimed, "Who is—pray, ho is that extraordinary personage—so like one's

notion of a character walked out of Galt's books? I do dote upon originals—you *must* make us acquainted—perhaps he would join our dinner-party at Tortoni's. I am sure he would heighten its *gout*. Perhaps he comes for to-morrow's ceremony?"

"Exactly one of Galt's vulgar, *outré* characters," returned Mrs. Luke, flurried, and altogether much alarmed at the proposal made by a lady who valued her own amusement before all the proprieties and decorums in the world, and who for the feelings of others entertained no more consideration than became her privileged birth and high-toned manners.

"I know you detest vulgarity," rejoined Lady Di; "but *we* enjoy it of all things—or a spice of it, now and then;—and Galt——"

"Don't name him, Lady Di. I assure you his broad vulgarity and caricature is abominated in Scotland, in anything approaching good society."

"*Chaque un a son gout*, my dear ma'am," said Lady Di, shrugging her shoulders; "there is a certain Girzy Hipple that almost killed me with laughing, and whom Byron absolutely adored."

"Byron! Lord Byron!" cried the amazed Mrs. Luke. It was altogether beyond her comprehension that Mrs. Walkinshaw, that vulgarest of all vulgar characters, should be relished by Lord Byron.

"Had you ever the felicity of meeting the original, my dear Mrs. Luke? I should have gone a thousand miles to see her."

Mrs. Luke was fairly posed whether to plead guilty to the ignorance, or to deny the vulgar contamination. Her answer was equivocal:—"I have seen abundant oddities and vulgar people in Scotland;—in manners you are aware, Lady Di, our home-bred people are terribly behind."

"O dear! and so they are; but I have a fancy for vulgarians—now, I know you can't abide them—so much for difference of taste.—You remember Goldsmith's showman, Rigby?" The colonel was startled from a long fit of rumination, a most unusual observance of taciturnity.

"No, 'pon honor, I don't, Lady Di—just at this moment, at any rate."

"A most unwonted and supererogatory degree of candor in an Irishman, who knows everything and at all times. But what has come over you!—Goldsmith's showman, you remember, detested everything *low*, and never allowed his bear to dance to any but the genteelst of tunes, as '*Water parted*,' or the '*Minuet in Ariadne*.'"

Mrs. Luke, feeling the palpable insult, could not even attempt to join in the loud laugh which the colonel forced up.

"I declare I am glad to see you can still laugh," continued the lively, impertinent, and privileged woman of fashion. "I fancied this new Scottish cousin had been of the line of Banquo, from his ghastly influence upon the spirits of both of you—on such a day!"

"No consin of mine, Lady Di," returned Mrs. Luke, with a swelling heart, and gulping down her chagrin. "That person is one of my daughter's guardians; and, I presume, has business which may have brought him to Paris at this particular time—perhaps with me," she faltered forth, glad, in this incidental manner, to announce to the gentleman the catastrophe she dreaded.

"To conduct Miss Luke home, I think, he said!"

"That he shan't. We won't part with our daughter—shall we, ma'am?" inquired the colonel. "Surely, if ever the mother's care be needful, to a pretty girl, it is at Miss Luke's age."

"Especially one with a fortune," added Lady Di, smiling, and with malicious emphasis. Mrs. Luke made no reply. If truth must be owned, she wished herself a thousand miles off, and Lady Di double the distance. Another English party came forward; and she made a little movement of surprise, as if to greet an old friend. The gentleman, advancing between two young ladies, abruptly drew them on, while one of them was heard to protest, "The lady was so very like, and yet so very unlike their old neighbor, Mrs. Luke!"

"You must be mistaken, Isabella, or else your old neighbor, if a respectable Scotswoman, has fallen among thieves." The speaker might or might not have been overheard by Mrs. Luke's companions; but it suited no one to notice him. Lady Di had probably heard nothing; for not even aristocratic nerves, and powers of face that had been acquired in the college of the Maids of Honor, could have remained in tranquil survey of the group, which she halted to examine at her leisure. "You seem to know these young people, Mrs. Luke!"

"They are the two elder daughters, and, I believe, the eldest son of the Hawgreen family—old neighbors of mine in Scotland."

"And they have forgotten you:—of the class of old gentry I should presume!"

"It is a very old family."

"I should have known it. There is, indeed, no mistaking persons of a certain grade, whatever their country: though but gentry, and *Scottish* gentry too. There is a difference now; don't you think so, Rigby? Ha! they are turning; you must challenge them, and introduce us. I do long to see one real Scots *gentlewoman* in the course of my life. I have known many *gentlemen* of your nation, in the army and otherwise. Scottish and Irish ladies of rank live so much among us now, in England, that the dear delightful oddities of my girlhood are no longer to be met with anywhere."

Beyond a painful and confused perception that something insolent was said, and something awful impending, poor Mrs. Luke retained no consciousness; yet, as the Hawgreen party again advanced, she met them with a vacant simper and an attempt at recognition; and, while the ladies hastily turned away their heads, was dead cut by the gentleman, who drew them quickly on.

"Your Scottish friends don't seem to know you, ma'am," said the Lady Di, in a tone which gave tenfold insolence to her words.

Female blood and bile could endure no longer; and had Mrs. Mark Luke, for her rashness, been condemned, forever afterwards, to no better society than that of decent tradesmen's wives, she could not have restrained the impulse of indignation which restored her to self-possession, and prompted the retort:—

"No wonder, madam, considering the society in which I am found."

The still brilliant eyes of the Lady Diana shot a momentary glance upon the grocer's rich widow, in which were blended the fires of the noble house from which she was sprung, and the ancient one with which she *had been* allied. A cutting, an annihilating reply was at the tip of her tongue—

retort, which must forever have struck dumb and down the audacious widow of the tradesman—the paltry *Scottish* tradesman—a *London* trader could have outweighed his wealth ten times told;—but pride restrained her; and the same haughty feeling which makes the hero spare the ignoble foe unworthy of his sword, led her to turn away, and say, with calm imperiousness, to her husband's former adjutant, "Find the carriage for me, Rigby." She walked forward.

The unfortunate colonel had never been in such a dilemma in his whole life. Half-a-dozen affairs of honor, originating at mess, or in billiard rooms, were nothing to this *rumpus* between his patroness, Lady Di, and his "dear Mrs. Luke," within twenty hours of becoming his dearer Mrs. Blake. His perplexity was heightened by shrewdly guessing at, but not knowing the exact tenor of the mission of the Glasgow magistrate. There was danger of losing both ladies in the attempt to secure one; and it was become a question whether the old friend or the new mistress was best worth securing; yet he attempted a compromise.

"The carriage!—to be sure Lady Di. It is waiting without there to take us all, a merry friendly party, to Tortoni's."

"I don't go to Tortoni's!" cried Lady Di, resentfully.

"I must return home directly," rejoined Mrs. Luke, poutingly.

"Devil a one of ye!" cried the gallant colonel, with happy audacity, seizing an arm of each lady, and holding them fast. "Am I to be chated of my last hours of freedom? I'll make ye kiss and be friends, ladies. Sure, when there is the common enemy ahead, friends should stick together." This expostulation and exhortation was not without effect. "There is that little fat Scottish fellow waiting us, with Miss Luke and the young lad, as if he had something to say. Let me see you shake hands, ladies, and put you into the carriage, and leave me to deal with him, my dear Mrs. Luke."

Mrs. Luke was really unable to answer. The colonel joined their hands across his own person, in forced alliance; and Lady Di, forgetting her recent feelings, burst into one of her fits of unlady-like laughter, exclaiming, "O Gemini, Rigby!—and will you have to fight for it? To challenge yonder redoubtable short Scottish gentleman!"

Mrs. Luke grasped the arm of the brave colonel, and became pale.

"Do not be uneasy, my dear ma'am," said the forgiving Lady Di. "Rigby has had fifty such affairs on hand in his time, and got safe through them."

"For any sake, Colonel Blake—for *my* sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Mark Luke.

"For your sake, jewel!" interrupted the colonel, gallantly raising her hand to his lips; "anything for your sake, my angel."

"Now, that is what I call barefaced enough," said Bailie Pirgovie, who had taken his station, with Mysie, waiting the exit of Mrs. Luke from the gardens. Poor Mysie bent her reddening face. Daughters are seldom delighted with their mother's conquests.

"Pardonnez, ma—dame," continued the bailie, addressing Mrs. Luke. "I am sorry to interrupt good fellowship; but it is needful we should have two minutes of a private crack, and

that as soon, too, as convenient. As for my ward here, I am resolved not to part with her on such short notice."

"I hope mamma will allow me, at least, to go home with Mr. Pirgивie," said Miss Luke. "He has come far to see us—from kindness to us."

"I have, I am sorry, a very particular engagement this afternoon," faltered Mrs. Luke.

"And another, still more particular, to-morrow morning," added Lady Di, smiling meaningly.

"Engagement here, engagement there, madame; I have two private words to say to you; and the sooner said, let me warn ye, it may be the better for ye."

Mysie and James Wilson appeared ready to sink into the ground. Mrs. Luke became of all hues, and looked deprecatingly to the sturdy magistrate, in whose hands her fate seemed to rest for the present; while her soldier-lover, as in duty bound, swelled and stormed.

"Zounds, sir, do you mean to affront this lady?—a lady under *my* protection! Make way there. Miss Luke, my dear, attend your mother." And the passive bride was dragged forward, while her daughter steadily kept her ground.

"Affront her, sir? No, I mean no affront, and no wrong to her or hers; and I wish every man could say as much for himself," said the bailie, sturdily, to the champion of the fair.

"It is all a mistake—my dear colonel—for Heaven's sake!" cried the agitated bride, now standing still.

"Her dear colonel!—humph—ay, ay, I see it is all ower true we heard, Mr. James; but ye shall not quit my wing, Mysie dear: and I tell you what, mem, marry when ye like and whom ye like—"

"Oh, for any sake!" cried Mysie in an agony, pressing his arms, while James Wilson placed his hand over the wide *outspoken* mouth of the bailie.

"Weel, weel, my dear, I'll reserve what I have to say to Mrs. Luke for a quieter moment. That, I grant, may be as discreet."

"If you have got anything to say to this lady, sir, the footing upon which I have the honor to stand with her entitles me to mention, that it may as well be said to me—to me, Colonel Rigby Blake."

"I am not just so clear o' that, cornel, since that's your title: what if you should may be no' like just that weel to hear what I had to say! The thing is just possible, ye'll allow."

"If the presence of these ladies were not your protection, I should call you roundly to account, sir, for this insolence."

The colonel was fumbling about his waistcoat pocket, apparently for his card.

"O Lady Di, will you permit this? will you not interfere?" implored Mrs. Luke.

"Points of honor are delicate points, ma'am," returned the mischief-loving lady; "yet a fracas at this crisis—a duel between a cousin and a bridegroom—does look ugly."

"Gi'e yourself no manner o' trouble, mem," said the bailie, dryly, to the lady of quality. "The brave cornel will wait lang for an antagonist, before he get me to the field."

"What, sir! not give a gentleman the satisfaction of a gentleman when he demands it?"

"Satisfaction of a gentleman, quo' she! Satisfaction of a guse! A bonny-like satisfaction!"

"Why, sir, you would be *cut*—posted for a coward."

"And what the worse would I be of that?" said the bailie, laughing disdainfully. "Posted for a coward, indeed! because I have the sense and courage to refuse making a fool of myself, and fleeing in the face of my Maker's commands."

"A coward does not risk his own life by plunging into the Clyde to save the life of a child," said James Wilson, who, with a natural youthful feeling, rebutted for his associate the term so unendurable to the ears of men and boys, and who opportunely remembered this trait in the history of the bailie.

"Once when my mother was a girl, Mr. Pirgивie saved her in the Duke of Hamilton's Park from a mad bull, or one of the wild white cattle," said Mysie, who had often heard this tale of Bailie Pirgивie's gallantry and prowess, in the days of other years.

"And I would save her from worse mischief now, if she would but let me," said the bailie, turning with some rekindling of old regard to his former friend, as Mysie's anecdote recalled their earlier days.

"If I thought, sir, that this innuendo, sir, was levelled at me," thundered the colonel.

"Ay, weel, and what would ye do, an' if it were?" retorted the imperturbable Scot.—"Say it were *you*, for connexion's sake—and what then?"

Colonel Rigby Blake had rarely been more at fault in his life. He was rescued by the presence of mind of Lady Di, who vowed, while she laughed immoderately, that, if another word on this absurd affair passed, she would summon the police, and recommend both belligerents to its attention. Neither of them wished to carry matters to this extreme point, and the gentlemen exchanged cards, though certainly with no hostile intention on the part of the bailie. His object was merely to facilitate an amicable conference. They then separated several ways, each triumphantly marching his lady off the field.

"You are willing to leave me, then, Robina?" said her mother, looking back, with strong emotion working in her face, her usual courage quite quelled—"me, your mother?"

"No, no, mamma—no, no, indeed! I will not leave you,"—and the girl rushed, weeping, into her mother's arms.

"Here is quite a scene, I declare," cried Lady Di. "Won't you, Mr. Pirdidie, go with us, like a good, obliging gentleman, to Tortoni's—and, since you won't fight him, eat, drink, or talk it out with my friend, Colonel Blake, like a good-humored, sensible man, as I am sure you are."

This was taking the bailie in the right key; and, although he had some doubts about that "sharp-eyed madam" who made so free with a strange man almost at first sight, and hesitated, as he sharply and curiously eyed her, Mysie's whispered entreaty, "Oh, do not let us leave mamma!" turned the scale; and, with some appearance of better understanding, the gentlemen, so strangely thrown together, growlingly agreed to dine in company with the ladies, and see *Life* in Paris, instead of facing Death in the Wood of Boulogne.

From the New Quarterly Review.

Narrative of the Mission of Dr. Wolff to Bokhara.
London: Parker, 1845.

If there be one circumstance that gives the conductors of the present Review more pleasure than any other, in a literary point of view, it is the kindness evinced to us by distinguished individuals in giving us an insight into their treasures before they see the general light. In our last number, Lord Brougham was kind enough to grant us this enviable privilege: and the author of the extraordinary work now before us has equally obliged us on the present occasion. To this Review exclusively will belong the earliest notices of this most interesting work—interesting in the principle which originated the mission of Dr. Wolff—interesting in the unknown regions it describes, but still far more interesting in pointing to motives which a selfish age is too little used to contemplate in the extraordinary characters of both Captain Grover and Dr. Wolff. When we read it, we thanked God that Chivalry's light was not yet dim; that there were yet those that could do a deed of derring-do for principle and principle alone; that there could not exist a dark recess in the innermost dungeon of an eastern tyrant into which philanthropy would not pour its light. Ancient warm-heartedness, ancient unselfishness, ancient apostolicity seemed to break upon us, and the soul of Xavier, of Swartz, and of Buchanan, to beam again by a metempsychosis in the missionary of the desert whose work is before us. But we will not delay the impatient reader from quenching his thirst at fountains yet sealed to the public eye. We will be the first to unlock them and look within, like "the bird that seeketh the pure earth springs."

The scheme of the important work before us has, we think, been ingeniously chosen to show the immense extent of the wanderings of Dr. Wolff. It begins with an account of his life in connection with the earlier missions, showing that in the college of the Propaganda at Rome he had received his earliest education, after renouncing his Jewish errors. But he had received his light from sources much beyond what the Propaganda could then minister, as far as general enlightenment. Stölberg, Michael Sailer, Frint, among moderns, and Fenelon, Pascal and Bossuet, among older divines, had disciplined him to something nobler; and we well remember listening to a gentleman with great interest, who told us, that he encountered the inquiring youth first at the Propaganda, in violent dispute with other young men, on some point in the Hebrew Scriptures. The youths around him said they would refer the point in question to the pope; on which the young student replied, that would be useless, for he understood Hebrew better than the pope. This declaration shocked mightily the auditory, and the wise listener said, "Young man, I do not think you will stay here long; there is my card; inquire me out, and you will find a friend:" and he did not stay long there, though ever ready to do that institution full justice. He left it, and sought out his friend, found him in France, staid with him three weeks, passing through that country; and, with the singular facility in the acquirement of language that he possesses, though ignorant as a German of the language at his entry into the country, appeared to be speaking it with fluency at his departure thence to England, at the end of the three

weeks. Cambridge seemed to him the fitting field for his powers. There, under Professor Lee, he studied Persian and Arabic, and Charles Simeon gave him an insight into theology. In 1821, he commenced his missionary labors among the Dispersed of Israel, in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, the Crimea, Georgia, and the Ottoman empire. His next, were among the Jews in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean, from 1826 to 1830. He then proceeded to Turkey, Persia, Turkistaun, Bokhara, Affghanistaun, Cashmeer, Hindustaun and the Red Sea, from 1831 to 1834. We shall dwell slightly on this portion of the narrative. When in Kurdistaan, we meet, however, with the following remarkable passage, which there are but few in the world, possibly not one other, who could exclaim of it, "Crede experto:"

"In Kurdistaan I had long conferences with the Jews, whom I found possessed of much learning. I spoke with them in Hebrew and Chaldean, which they mix considerably with Turkish. Several rabbins, however, spoke Hebrew remarkably well. I had also, in Teheraun, affecting interviews with the Jews, in which I expounded to them the Scriptures. Various curious conversations that I had with the Sheahs, or followers of Ali, in Persia, would fill volumes. With the Guebres, or worshippers of fire, how often also have I conversed in Shiraz, Isfahan, and Kashaun. How singular and wild the aspect of the sons of fire! How analogous their angel history to the Jewish! How similar to the rites of Vesta! How like that early adoration when my people bowed to the luminous Shechinah of the Lord! Yet if idolatry has been rife on my path, rarely has my step fallen where I did not trace Christianity. In Egypt I found the Kopts, in Palestine, the Maronites, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, and Armenian Catholics; in Mesopotamia, at Merdeen, Mosool, Arbel, and Bagdad, I met the Jacobites, the followers of Nestorius, and Roman Catholics; in Asia Minor, at Trebizond, Bayazid, Shooshe in Karabagh, again Armenians; at Tiflis, the Georgians. Again, how singularly did I find in these regions the same great differences of Calvinism and Arminianism that exist among ourselves. We are too apt to look on the Muhammedan as a fatalist; but in Mecca, as well as elsewhere, the limits of the will are freely discussed. Haje Sheikh Muhammed told me, in the words of Milton, 'Foreknowledge of God does not affect the free will of men.' How eternal and inextinguishable also appeared the customs of the East! For instance, the shepherd precedes his sheep and his sheep follow him; the judges sit under the gate; the disciples of the learned pour water on the hands of their masters; the Jews swear by the Temple of Jerusalem; and Jew, Christian, and Muhammedan, by their heads; the bride is awakened by the screams of other women, exclaiming, 'The bridegroom cometh;' torches are carried before her at midnight; the war about wells, as in the time of Moses and Jacob, still subsists in Yemen; the lamentations over a nurse are also continued; the names of people are still given to indicate the events of the period; the king bestows a name significative of his employ on his minister; the lepers sit outside the gates of cities; bad vines are called Vines of Sodom; holy places are approached by putting the shoes from off the feet; the scarf is wrought on both sides; the Rechabite plants no vineyard, sows no seed, lives in tents; the Derveesh, like

the Nazarite of old, still makes vows that no razor shall come upon his head; barren women still perform pilgrimages to holy places, and this state is held in abhorrence, as in ancient time; Armenian women vow, like Hannah of old, that if they receive a son, he shall be devoted to God; cities of refuge for the shedder of blood unawares still subsist, and the person guilty of blood must flee with his family, like the first murderer, to other places."—Vol. i., p. 7.

In Khorassan, where he was enslaved, and only freed by the kindness of Abbas Mirza, our readers will peruse with astonishment the description of the Giant Khan, the Head Tearer, Muhammed Khan Kerahe. Of this fearful descendant of Ghengis Khan, whose strength enabled him to rend the scalps of his victims, Dr. Wolff even says the very skull, we have a genealogy given by himself to Dr. Wolff. We extract the autograph:

"Muhammed, son of Iszhak Khan Kerahe, Tatar of the family of Ghengis Khan.

"The ancestors of Ghengis Khan were Oolinjah Khan and Olamgoo, a Mogul, who had twins: the name of the one was Mogul Khan, and the other Tatar Khan, from whom all the Tatars descend, as the Moguls do from Mogul Khan. The sons of Ghengis Khan were, 1. Hutschi Khan; 2. Jaktay Khan; 3. Aktaye Khan; 4. Tule Khan.

"After the death of Ghengis Khan, the children of Tule Khan became kings. Mikukah Khan sat upon the throne of Ghengis Khan, who sent his brother, Alaku Khan, into Persia, and resided for a while at Tabreez, whence he went to Bagdad, and killed Muattesim, the last of the kaleefs of the family of Abbas. The tribe of Kerahe had accompanied Halaku Khan to Tabreez, and after the extinction of the dynasty of Ghengis Khan, the Kerahe emigrated to Turkey; but when Tamerlane became the conqueror of the world, he removed forty thousand families of the Kerahe tribe from Turkey to Samarcand; of which number, however, twelve thousand separated and returned to Khorassan, whose descendant I am."

This fearful being, whom Dr. Wolff visited in prison, said to him, "I aspired after the honor of becoming another Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan, and my name was already a terror among the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara, and ambassadors were even sent to me from the Ghirgese and the Cossacks. I had secret correspondence with Russia, (which latter words he whispered in my ear.) But in the midst of this career a stop was put to it by Allah from above. I am now little, and am fallen from my high estate. Allah is great, and man unconscious of his destiny." Meshed next saw our traveller's steps, and then Bokhara. The Jews in this city then amounted to 10,000, and the chief rabbi assured Mr. Wolff that Bokhara was the Habor, and Belkh the Halah of the Scriptures. Mr. Wolff tried them on the interpretation of the *עלמה*, Virgin, and found their sense of it agreeing with the received, and that they were quite ignorant of the recent controversy. Hence our traveller passed to Balkh, and thence to Peshawr. Anxious to see Cashmeer, he crossed to Nadown. The following extract is curious:

"Here the rajah on horseback, surrounded by soldiers, was performing his devotions before three naked fakeers. I immediately entered into

conversation with them, and inquired of one of them how long he had been a fakeer. He replied, 'that he lived in God, and should never die; for that as old garments were exchanged for better, so the man of God lays aside his old body and puts on a new one.' A beautiful answer, but when I wished to reply, he kept exclaiming, 'Be silent, and listen.' I seized, however, despite of him, on an opportunity to point out the truth of our revelation. An unhappy peevishness marks all these ascetics. St. Jerome was not free from it. True peace of mind dwells not necessarily in caves and grottoes, on the pillar of a Simon Stylites, or in the deserts of the Thebais with Antony. Active energy in promoting truth and virtue is worth all the sedentary graces of fakeers, monks, or solitaries. I do not impugn their merits in their *peculiar* path, but it is obviously not one of *general* obligation."

Cashmeer, the city of the genii who bore the wise king through the air to look upon its magic beauty, did not please Mr. Wolff in its present state. What can stand the dominion of the Seikhs? The Hindoos escaped not the close questioning of Dr. Wolff, and in his verdict for the Vedas over the Koran we fully agree. At Delhi, Muhammed Izhak, the grand mullah, holds a disputation with him before the Mogul. At Agra he meets with Lieutenant Conolly, little witting that he was to be so closely connected afterwards in name with that celebrated traveller. The friendship between them established there was augmented by much subsequent intercourse. The following brief paragraph, in which this is alluded to, is most affecting:

"I often wished to repay him (Conolly) my debt of gratitude; and the instant the news reached me of his captivity in Bokhara, I offered my aid to release him in letters to his family. When I reflect on our past intercourse, it brings with it the pleasing reflection that the spiritual element was mainly dominant in it; that we were together to become daily holier and better men; that our hands did not join in deeds of iniquity, but were upraised to God our Maker and Saviour. His firm conduct at his dying hour reminds us forcibly of the bearing of those brave soldiers who died in the persecution of Decius and Dioclesian. I hope to see my Conolly among them at the hour of Christ's coming in glory."

There is, too, just beneath this extract a piece of information of which we think few are aware—that, in spite of the noble exertions of the Stoddart and Conolly committee, the generous liberality and pecuniary sacrifices of Captain Grover, there is a third more painful than all, and it is this, that Dr. Wolff is a large sum out of pocket by the present mission. Surely, if government could offer compensation to Captain Grover, estimating the worth of his two letters at 200*l.* a-piece, a similar offer, which the high sense of honor of Captain Grover did not, under the circumstances, permit him to accept, ought to have been made to Dr. Wolff.

Lucknow, whither our traveller wended next his way, saw him prepared to dispute there with the mullahs before the king of Oude. He appears to have settled the controversy with them as successfully as at Delhi. At this place he has the following energetic vindication of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"I must here fully state my hearty conviction—the result of the experience of more than twenty

years of travels—of the immense utility of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Word of God would have been entirely extinct among the eastern Christians but for that society. Its copies are in the hands of mullahs of all denominations, not only in Asia, but even in the deserts of Turkistan. The agents they employ are excellent men; I only need mention the Rev. H. Leeves at Athens, and Benjamin Barker, Esq., at Mytolene, the capital of Lesbos. It is utterly absurd to say that all benevolent societies are to be under the direction of bishops; even the Church of Rome, in her powerful discipline, has never followed this plan—that all benevolent societies are necessarily to be placed under episcopal control—nor does the Church of Armenia. We have hospitals without bishops—why should not the word of God be circulated by the layman or the presbyter? I thank God that there is also a Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which does not give only the Bible, but also the Liturgy of the Church of England; for neither the Jews nor the Muhammedans are without a liturgy. And it is a most important feature to show the agreement of the Church of England with other forms of faith in this particular. I confess I should also like to see a society of the Church of England, which should give to the world a systematic theology, both moral and practical; and such a system ought to have the sanction of all the bishops as well as the learned presbyters of the Church of England: of this I should like to see a transcript in every language, and circulated to the four winds.”—Vol. i.

Benares, which he next visits, furnishes him with a view of Hindūism, by which he is enabled to bring out his peculiar opinions; and as these are a part of the man, and also such as he does hard battle to maintain, we shall insert this passage also at length.

“From Lucknow I passed to Benares, the holy city of India; whoever dies there will obtain *Inokshu*, absorption into the Deity. I consider this is little better than the comfortable system of *Nirwana*, or annihilation of the Buddhists, who hold in a final state of annihilation of all things. This is the ultimate boon offered by a faith embraced by the largest portion of the East—thank Heaven, not of the world, for the Christians now outnumber any other denomination.

“This is the case with the spiritualizers in the Christian church; they have an unscriptural, unprophetic, unnatural dislike to hear of anything but Nature's doom and Nature's death. Nothing will satisfy them, but that the world, animate and inanimate, once happy but for a single day, should draw its penance onwards to the utmost longevity of miserable age, and then sink into annihilation. The ghost of the Lamas of Thibet, who move about in the air, are the sisters of the forms visible in their shadowy paradise. I do expect to rule over a renovated earth, purified and redeemed, and inhabited by living creatures in flesh and blood, and though in flesh and blood, redeemed from Satan, sin and death. If a phantomizing system is spirituality, the Buddhists at Lassa, the Sooffees at Shiraz, and the Hindoos at Nadown, might claim analogous influences.”—Vol. i., p. 29.

Passing from Masulipatam to Hyderabad the cholera seizes him. Ladrass and Goa and Poonah are next visited. At this latter place Mr. Wolff

sees the Beni Israel, a very remarkable variety of the tribes of Israel.

“They are totally distinct from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindūstān. Soon after the destruction of the first temple, they came in seven ships, they say, from Arabia to Hindūstān, where they have since forgotten their law, but continue to repeat in Hebrew certain prayers which they have learnt from the other Jews; they also read the Pentateuch, but without understanding the language. They have synagogues, but they have not, like the rest of the Jews, the Sepher Torah, or, in other words, the Pentateuch written on parchment. They say, ‘As we are soldiers, and do not keep the law, the Sepher Torah may do us harm if it stands in the midst of us.’ They serve as soldiers in our armies, and are esteemed the best native soldiers. They are far superior in morality to the Jews of Cochīn. They have, however, in their houses, Hindū idols, and seem to trust in charms and amulets. This is a curious and literal fulfilment of the prophecy in Deuteronomy xxviii. 36, ‘And there shalt thou serve other gods, wood and stone.’ I questioned them about Jesus; they repeated the current Jewish objections, but did not possess any original views. The Beni Israel amount around Bombay to nine thousand two hundred and fifty souls.”

The following remarks on asceticism, occasioned by seeing a Fakcer at Bombay, meet with our full concurrence.

“I went one day while here with that champion of our faith against Muhammedans, Parsees, and Hindūs, the Rev. John Wilson, D. D., who may be called the missionary to the Hindū philosophers, to see a Fakcer celebrated for his austerities. The nails of his hands were grown into and through his cheek. He was lying in the sun. I asked him, ‘How can one obtain the knowledge of God?’ His answer was, ‘Do not ask me questions; you may look at me, for I am a god.’ I have no doubt he thought that he had attained, like Roman saints, to limits beyond mortality; but how sad was the fact, that the penance that he thought had thus elevated him, had in reality proportionately depressed, since the Supreme measures man by his practical might, founded on Gospel truth, and not by his theoretical visions, based upon nothing.”

Our traveller passes hence to Mocha, and thence to Loheyah, Massowah and Jiddah, where he meets the raving St. Simonians, who gravely recommend the reading of the prophecies of Solomon, who never wrote prophecies, and the book of Baruch in Hebrew, which is not extant in that language. Hence he reaches Malta, prepares this, his early tour, for publication, and proceeds, when this is done, in the same indefatigable spirit on another mission through Abyssinia. We pass his interview with the monks of Mount Sinai and his second visit to Jiddah, where the conduct of the St. Simonians, especially that of one woman who married four Frenchmen at the same time, so horrified even the Turkish governor of the place, that he protested against such abominations in one of the holy cities of the Mussulmans. The details given of the Abyssinian Church are curious; and here Mr. Wolff was taken for the Aboon, or Coptic Patriarch whom they expected, and compelled to spit over the people until he was perfectly exhausted, and then to have his feet washed, in or

der that the devotees might swallow the water of ablution. His whole appearance shocked the Abyssinian ladies excessively, who exclaimed, the instant they saw him, "Woe unto us, woe unto us, that this Copt has appeared among us, *white as the devil himself*." The old adage, "The devil is not so black as he is painted," is evidently reversed in these regions, and Europeans here have the pleasure of sitting for his picture.

We are pleased to learn that the convents in Abyssinia have discharged numerous and important duties, and continue to do so. Mr. Wolff here observed the younger priest pouring water over the hands of the elder, as Elisha did over Elijah. Abyssinia has been so recently placed before the public in the works of Rupell, Harris, Johnson, Beke and others, that we shall not linger there, but return with our traveller to Sanaa, where he encounters the Rechabites. This first interview of Mr. Wolff with this wild tribe is so curious that we shall extract it.

"I left Saneef on November the 29th, and proceeded on the road to Sanaa, which I learnt was besieged by the Rechabites. Of course the caravan with which I was travelling ran no small risk on this account. I therefore took a mule, and went on alone to Sanaa, desiring the chief of the caravan to wait until he heard from me. As soon as I had passed Matna, I saw a swarm of the Rechabites rushing to me, exclaiming, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo!' Holding up my Bible, I stopped them at once, and they shouted, 'A Jew, a Jew!' We dismounted, and, sitting down, I told them that I saw, twelve years ago, one of their nation in Mesopotamia, Moosa, by name. *Rechabites*. 'Is your name Joseph Wolff?' W. 'Yes.' They then embraced me. They were still in possession of the Bible I gave to Moosa, twelve years before my arrival in Yemen.

"I spent six days with the children of Rechab (Beni Arhab.) They drink no wine, plant no vineyards, sow no seed, live in tents, and remember the word of Jonadab the son of Rechab. With them were children of Israel of the tribe of Dan, who reside near Terim in Hatramawt, who expect, in common with the children of Rechab, the speedy arrival of the Messiah in the clouds of heaven. Neither party now offers sacrifice. They requested me to remain among them and teach them the doctrine of the Messiah, as they called the Gospel, and to marry one of the daughters of Rechab. The children of Rechab say, 'We shall one day fight the battles of the Messiah, and march towards (Kuds) Jerusalem.' They are the descendants of those whom the Mohammedans call *Yehood Khaibar*, who defeated Muhammed in several battles, but they were at last themselves defeated, for they had sinned, and the Lord of Tour (Sinai) was not with them. I sent them to the chief of the caravan to fetch about eighty Hebrew Bibles and Testaments, which I gave them. One of their party, Looloe, belonging to the powerful tribe of Hamdan, a friend of the Beni Arhab, escorted me and the whole caravan safely within the gate of Sanaa, where I entered in the month of December."—Vol. i., p. 59.

Their chief Rabbi told Mr. Wolff, that the Jews of Yemen never returned from the Babylonish capital to Jerusalem, dreading the fearful judgments yet denounced against that city in the Book of Daniel. How confirmatory is this of the Christian view of these matters! How clearly is

the tale of dispersion for sin told! Illness, arising from typhus fever, compelled Mr. Wolff to betake himself to Mocha, and, with that undaunted spirit that has ever marked him, he determined to cross thence to America, nearly one of the longest sea voyages that any individual, save a circumnavigator, could well undertake. He reached America, and here attained a long-sought object—ordination in the American church. While in Armenia, in 1826, where he took upon himself the office of preaching, being trained in a school not remarkable for exact theology, and still less for its respect for church discipline, and the apostolical succession, the great patriarch of Ech Miazin asked him, after listening to his speech, what commission he had to preach the Gospel, as he was not ordained. The answer he gave did not answer this deep-read divine, and he recommended Mr. Wolff to compare Exodus, 3rd ch. and 7th; Numbers, 16, and 1 Cor. 10, with also Rom. ch. 15. After a deep study of these and similar authorities, he recommended Mr. Wolff to come again to him, and then say whether he considered himself entitled to preach without either the gift of miracles, a priesthood by descent, or apostolical succession.

The impression made on his mind by the deep-reading patriarch was never effaced, and Bishop Doane, at New York, after a fitting examination, received him into the American church. Here he forgot not his leading object, tracing the dispersed of Israel in all their wanderings; and we have the opinion of this most competent of judges that the Indians are not of the tribes of the dispersion, or at least that he could find no evidence that they were so. After this event Dr. Wolff preached in various parts of America; and the following judicious remarks prove how deeply he has weighed the exact position of Dissent, Romanism, and Catholicism or Protestantism:

"If Romanism were successful, it would scarce be worse than the mad folly of some of the sectarians of America, or the detestable perversions of Scripture, of which they incessantly avail themselves. There are thousands of Shakers in America; and when they are asked, why do they turn about in a circle, you get as an answer, 'Does not the Scripture say, Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. The Roman Catholics, however, have found opponents in America among the Episcopalian and Dutch communities, that have more than outmatched them in disputations, confuting Romanism on truly Catholic principles. Vituperation does the Romanists good and raises their cause; but if the controversy be confined to the great question, on what does a church depend? they are scattered easily. A church founded on the authority of the Bible, and a church founded on her own authority alone—the great distinctions between Romanists and Anglo-Catholics—need only clear exposition to show which has the advantage. It is true, Rome has an authority beyond what she claims, but as it is one which she rejects, she is not entitled to the benefit of it in controversy. This is the great question, the true authority of the church in Scripture. Collateral points may work into this, and become important to confirm this; but this properly defined, as I believe it to be in the articles of the English church, duly and reverentially obeyed by its laity, rigorously followed out by a practical energy, strong in proportion to the strength it inhales from its nearness to the purest spring—this will, I believe, yet produce, and certainly has even

now, in part, produced, a state of Christendom unparalleled in earthly history.

"I may say without fear of any imputation of vanity, that I have now seen and made myself acquainted with all the branches of the Catholic church, and with all the sects existing on earth; and I have not shunned to sit at the feet of the bishops in the Roman Catholic church, in the Armenian church, in the Greek church, in the Chaldean and Abyssinian church, with Wesleyans, Independents, and learned Baptists; and the result of my investigation is, that the Church of England is the pearl of price and jewel of the earth, and the mightiest masterpiece of Bible illustration which the world has witnessed since it fell under the yoke of sin."—Vol. i., p. 67.

After this, in January, 1838, he embarked for England. The University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and the Protestant episcopal college of St. John's, Annapolis, Maryland, the degree of D.D. He then received priest's orders in the united Church of England and Ireland of the Bishop of Dromore, in June, 1838. He began now to contemplate settling in England, after eighteen years of severe and toilsome peregrination; and the only appointment the Anglican Church offered to rest the outworn missionary was the incumbency of Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, *value 24l. per annum*. The Pastoral Aid Society, which had augmented the living by 80*l.* per annum, refused to continue this to Dr. Wolff, on the ground of the small independence of Lady Georgiana, a matter with which they had nothing to do, but, with the characteristic insolence of that society, considered and treated that as Dr. Wolff's income, of which the death of his wife might the next moment deprive him. One further word on that society. We wish it to be most clearly understood that the funds of that society are most grossly abused; that it never administers them with regard to the exigencies of the case, but to the question of whether the incumbent who requires aid pronounces their ecclesiastical shibboleth. It undertakes to put its ban on candidates whom the bishops of the land pronounce fitting to receive admission into their dioceses. Unless a person deny the full force of the sacraments; that is, unless he is prepared to affirm that they are not of peculiar efficacy any more than prayer or preaching; unless he deny the apostolical succession; unless he be prepared to conform exactly to the individual theology of the examiners for that society on divine grace, there is no hope or chance of either the incumbent obtaining aid or the candidate whom he sends, and whom the secretary examines with such theology as he can muster, and that quantity is almost an infinitesimal; unless the candidate narrow himself to this incredible small quantum—dwarf himself, to cite a simile of Robert Montgomery, from his oak's dimension into a flower-pot minimosity, the Pastoral Aid will be no aid to him. Thank God, this disgrace to a Catholic Church—this foul blot on her discipline—this insult to her mitred prelates (and we blush with shame to see any of the episcopal bench lend their names to such an institution)—is fast sinking, and the *Curate's Aid*, which administers relief without reference to orthodox or evangelical incumbents—which looks to the exigencies of the case, and not to the theology of Falcon Court—which considers the Anglican bishops competent to pronounce on the fitness of the candidates, as competent at least as the unknown

incumbent of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, whose published theology has yet to see the light—thank God, we say heartily, there is every prospect of its rapid rise, and of the total extinction of the opposite and schismatic principle.

The smallness of income, and illness of himself and Lady Georgiana from the exposed locality, compelled Dr. Wolff to leave Linthwaite, after a stay there of two years; and he then took the curacy of High Hoyland, near Wakefield, where he remained three years; but here he found expenses too heavy for him, and left. The congregation presented him with a memorial of their deep esteem. While there he volunteered, both to the family of Conolly and to the British public, to go to Bokhara to liberate his friend Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, and this his offer was instantly responded to by Captain Grover. Measures were immediately taken by that energetic gentleman to secure the necessary supplies: and Dr. Wolff left England for Bokhara, unprovided by his government with any official security, on October 14th, 1843. The vessel in which he embarked touched first at Gibraltar, and then proceeded to Malta. Here the Bishop of Gibraltar, who cannot but be pleased with the high encomiums passed by Dr. Wolff on his learning, zeal and activity, "*laudari a laudato*," furnished Dr. Wolff with letters to all the bishops and clergy of the Oriental churches. Athens was the next point, and the interview with the King and Queen of Greece will be read with great interest by all persons. On the Areopagus Dr. Wolff, in that characteristic spirit that marks him in all he does, read Acts 18. He proceeded thence to Constantinople. There Sir Stratford Canning gave him every facility; and his amiable lady also exhibited that womanly kindness and attention so dear to the wanderer's step away from home. Nothing certain was discoverable by any inquiries at Constantinople as to the fate of the British officers. The Sultan furnished him with letters to the Ameer of Bokhara, and wrote them with his own hand. The Sheikh-Islam, the head of the Muhammedan priests at Constantinople, did the like; and the Russian embassy exerted themselves to the utmost. The kind Sir Stratford Canning sent Dr. Wolff in a steamer, free of expense, to Trebizond and Erzroom. At Trebizond similar kindness was shown him; and when he reached Erzroom, the very Pasha insisted on paying his expenses to the Persian frontier. A terrible route through snowy mountains, on which numerous parties had lost their lives, awaited Dr. Wolff from Erzroom to Tabreez. From Erzroom he issued one of his addresses to Islam, and sent it by Muhammedans to Affghanistaun, Cabul, Cashmeer and Bokhara. Not the least interesting portion of these most interesting volumes is contained in these spirited addresses, imbued with the very soul of the East.

"Followers of Islam!"

"In the whole of the Turkish empire, Arabia and Affghanistaun, you remember me well. I have been among you at Damascus, Egypt, Aleppo, Bagdad, Isfahan, Bokhara, Cabul and Hindustaun. I have conversed on the Coming of Jesus Christ with Muhammedans, Jews, Parsees, and Hindus. I have been well received, though differing in religious sentiments, by the Grand Mogul of Delhi and the Shah of Persia, the Grand Mullahs of Bagdad, Constantinople, Isfahan, Cash-

meer, and Bokhara. I have been to the utmost boundaries of the world, even to America, which is situated on the other side of the ocean, exhorting people to do good, and to repent for the sake of Jesus. And having learnt that two British officers of high merit, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, have been put to death by order of the Ameer of Bokhara, and also a Neapolitan officer, Cavalière Naselli by name, I am going to the Great Bokhara to ascertain the truth of that report; for I cannot believe it, as I was well received at Bokhara, and with great hospitality. Besides this, such an act is against the rites of hospitality, so sacredly observed by Muhammedans. I go there to demand the bodies of these people if alive, and if dead to demand the reason of their death. The Sultan of Constantinople, whose life may God preserve, and the Sheikh-Islam, whose life may God preserve, have given me letters to the Ameer of Bokhara and to the Grand Mullahs of that town. I call now on all the Muhammedan princes and Mullahs throughout the world to send letters of recommendation on my part to the King of Bokhara, that he may receive me well.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

At this place, also, nothing appeared certain as to the death of Stoddart and Conolly; on the contrary, every report was the reverse way. Thirteen people from Bokhara assured him that they were living. The Pasha of Erzroom drew up a call to all the Mussulmans to aid the benevolent missionary; and he himself also addressed to the Armenian nation a letter in these remarkable words:—

"*Descendants of Hayk and Followers of Gregory Lusavoritsh, Mesrop, Moses Vocazer, and Nerses Shnorhaale!*

"I have been declared the friend of the Armenians by public letters of your late venerable Katokhikos Ephrem, and Nerses, the present Katokhikos of Ech Miazin; and my having established schools for you at Bussorah and Busheer, prove that I was your friend, and am still your friend. I have, therefore, to address to you the following petition. I am now going to Bokhara for the purpose of ransoming Colonel Stoddart, Captain Conolly, and Cavalière Naselli. From having been a Jew, it gives me particular pleasure to prove to the Gentile world that I love my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, by being ready to lay down my life for the brethren, Gentiles as well as Jews. Knowing that the Armenians of Astrachan, Orenbourg, and Moscow, are in correspondence with merchants of Bokhara, I beg you, and particularly your Archbishop Serope at Astrachan, to write to the few Armenians residing at Bokhara, and also to recommend me to the great Emperor Nicholas Paulowitch, that he also may recommend me to the Ameer of Bokhara, so that His Majesty the Ameer of Bokhara may be induced to deliver up the above-mentioned officers.

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

By the way it is perfectly astounding to trace the arts by which Russia is undermining the Turkish empire, by gradually withdrawing from it all its sinews of life and energetic vigor. Ninety thousand families of Armenians obeyed the summons of General Paskewitch, and followed him into Russia. We pass a terrific route with *kulaghs*,

or snow storms, as fearful accompaniments, and arrive with our traveller at Tabreez. The details given connected with the Armenian church are most interesting. The oration of Nierses of Lampron possesses great beauty, and the state of the Armenian community is most feelingly described. The consul, Mr. Bonham, showed, like the rest of the British employés, great interest in the mission; and Dr. Wolff left Tabreez, accompanied by a Servian servant, who being drunk, both struck him and abandoned him. Some idea of the difficulties that awaited him in this portion of his route may be formed from the following description:

"January 21st. We arrived in the hilly village called Tekmetash. It was tremendously cold, and scarcely had we reached the posthouse (*manzeleh*) when the clouds covered the sky, the horizon was darkened, and a tremendous rising of the snow and sand from the ground in enormous masses took place. No one dared stir from the house. The Persians call this kind of storm *kulagh*. I never as yet in my extensive travels had seen anything like it. Such kind of *kulaghs* kill in an instant the horse and the rider, especially when accompanied with a blast like death itself in chillness. We were obliged to stay in that miserable place, more exposed to the so-called *kulagh* than any other part of Persia, two days."—Vol. i., p. 99.

From Tabreez to Teheran lay now the route. On his way, wherever he is, he lights with extraordinary facility on Derveeshes, Fakeers, Mullahs, Monks, Solitaries, Armenians, Ghebers, Beduins, Turkomauns; all the picturesque people on the earth are seen to gather around him. No sooner had he quitted Tabreez for Teheran, than in the place that he took up his abode for the night he lighted on a learned Derveesh. He begins always on the one topic of his heart. When the Derveesh heard him, he exclaimed, "You are another Tata Sultan and Kemaalee Howdbeen." As we had never up to the period of reading this work ourselves made acquaintance with either of these worthies, we are extremely obliged to Dr. Wolff for putting the question to the Derveesh as to who those parties were.

The Derveesh replies—

"The disciples of Buddr-Udeen Seemawn-Ogloo, who in the Hejrah 835 traversed the country of Room, (Turkish empire,) taught that all the property of men ought to be used in common—houses, arms, and clothing—women excepted. Tata Sultan, whose name also was Beerekledje Mustapha was a great friend of the Christians, and with one of them he spent much time in holy meditation about God in the island of Sakez (i. e. Scio.) Tata Sultan destroyed the army of the sultan of Room, Muhammed. At last Bayazeed Pasha made Beerekledje Mustapha prisoner, and murdered him, as it was believed, unmercifully, with all his disciples, but Beerekledje Mustapha is still alive, and a friend of Christians; and you will, in unison with him, upset the empire of Room and Persia. I heard of you at Delhi, where you have conversed with Akbar Shah, the King of Delhi, and the Mowleves there; and I have heard of you at Cashmeer. You have been a Jew, and all great events proceeded from the followers of Moses, and will proceed again until Eesa (Jesus) will again make his appearance. When these events shall take place, when you shall see yourself surrounded by your followers, then remember the Derveesh of Geelan. Abd-ool Wahab

has not succeeded in reforming the world, but you will."

February 3d saw our traveller in Teheraun. Here Colonel Sheil, our envoy, proffered all the assistance in his power. Dr. Wolff had here the opportunity of ascertaining that the account on which the government relied for its assurance of the death of the officers was incorrect, and he determined to proceed to verify in the very den of the lion the tale of the doom of his friends, or else to snatch them from his very jaws. Before leaving, however, mindful of the services the court of Persia had rendered him before in saving him from the people of Muhammed Khan Kerahe, the Head Tearer, he had an audience of the Shah. For above one hour he conversed familiarly with that friendly monarch, who was acquainted with the minutest particulars of him, and wrote letters for him to Bokhara: the one to the Ameer, too long to extract, we commend to the notice of our readers, as redolent with all the beauties of that gorgeous phraseology in which monarchs of the East rejoice. The Shah also added a singular observation, that if Stoddart and Conolly were dead, Dr. Wolff could make them again alive by his prayers. After this Dr. Wolff visited the Haje Mirza Agasee, the prime minister, a sort of Persian Cardinal Wolsey, holding the seals and primacy. The Haje, in common with all the Persian court, rendered the promptest aid. Up to this point, not a single eye-witness of the death of either Stoddart or Conolly had appeared. All parties combined in one effort at Teheraun to assist him, so much so that Colonel Sheil observed to Dr. Wolff, "If they are alive, you will get them." All the Persians, however, with whom Dr. Wolff conversed, plainly told him they would not go to Bokhara. The British envoy at Teheraun, when Dr. Wolff quitted that place on Feb. 12th, could scarce conceal his sorrowful conviction that he should see him no more. The whole of the attachés accompanied him out of the place, and we must now move on with him in his wild path, in great part through almost desolate places. He reached Semnan, the first town in Khorassaun, February 19th, and after two other stations, Damghan, considered by the natives after Balkh and Nishapoor the most ancient city in the world. The Ked Khoda, or burgomaster, evacuated the place before Dr. Wolff's arrival, from a report having reached him that a great ambassador from England was coming thither. The feeling in Khorassaun Dr. Wolff found wonderfully altered since his last visit; he was treated with respect now where he was previously insulted. The impending ruin of Muhammedanism was visible at every step, and the Mussulmans spoke of the fall of their faith as matter of certainty, and only seemed anxious to ascertain when it would take place. Many even of the chief Sayids at Kadamgah sought to obtain a notion of the religion Dr. Wolff professed, and expressed a wish to visit England, and to get further information. The better regulated government at Khorassaun under the present Assaff-ood-Doula, the Shah's lieutenant, seems to have produced also much of this. Dr. Wolff reached Meshed on 11th March. Here he renewed his old acquaintance with the Jews of the place, and baptized at his own request Mullah Mehdee, one of the most honest and intelligent among them. There he encountered Saleh Muhammed, the Akhund Zadeh, on whose intelligence the government principally relied for information as to the death of

Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly. His evidence minutely sifted did not convince Dr. Wolff of their death. He had seen nothing; his dates were clearly wrong, and he had only the report of one person to justify his conclusions.

Dr. Wolff, with great clear-sightedness, detected at this place (which, being a sort of half-way house between Teheraun and Bokhara, appears to us to require a British agent there, on whom dependence could be placed) the villany of Muhammed Ali Serraf, Col. Stoddart's agent. He found property to a large amount unaccounted for in this man's hands; the Sultan of Constantinople's letter to the Ameer of Bokhara still retained by him undelivered; and also the letters of Sir Moses Montefiore to the Jews of Bokhara this agent had sent on to Bokhara only one month before Dr. Wolff's arrival at Meshed, though forwarded a year previously by Mrs. Macnaghten and Miss Stoddart. This appeared the more grievous, since the Assaff-ood-Dowla sent word to Dr. Wolff, that eleven months before the date of the letter he then sent, both officers were alive. We assert, fearlessly, that this agent Muhammed Ali Serraf has been in no small degree instrumental in the death of these gentlemen. While at Meshed, as no one knew better than the doctor himself the importance of securing over the portion of his way before him the support of the Khivites, he addressed the following letter to the King of Khiva, which is so characteristic of an oriental document that we cannot refrain giving it at length:—

"Joseph Wolff, the derveesh of the Christians in England, sends his blessing to his Majesty the King of Organtsh, and wishes him the wisdom of Solomon the Wise, (upon whom is the comfort of God and peace,) and the power and riches of Timur Kurikane, the conqueror and possessor of the earth. Know ye, O king, that I am the well-known derveesh of England, and have traversed, for the sake of Jesus, Egypt, Mount Sinai, Yemen, Jerusalem, Damascus, Bokhara, Balkh, and Hind, and the New World, which lies on the other side of the ocean. All these countries I traversed for the sake of God and Jesus, and for the good of my fellow-creatures, telling princes and little ones that they should repent and turn to God, for we are of God, and to God we must return. I also spoke with the Muhammedan Mullahs, and with Jews and Guebers, that we have to expect first of all the coming of the Dejaal (Antichrist,) who shall bring great mischief into the world, and force many to worship him as God; but after him, Jesus shall come, and kill Dejaal with the breath of his mouth, and set up a kingdom, that all nations shall serve him; and in his time the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea; and universal peace shall prevail upon earth.

"But now I go to Bokhara for another object. I have been informed, and all England has been informed, that two English officers of high rank, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, have been put to death at Bokhara; and as the life of an Englishman is dear to his people, the account has spread indignation throughout England, Russia, Germany, and America. I therefore said that I would go to Bokhara, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of that report; and if they should be still alive, that I would demand their

persons from the King of Bokhara. I beg, therefore your majesty to bestow on me the following favors:—1st. To write to the King of Bokhara to grant my request:—2d. That your majesty will make known my mission, not only among Khivites, but also send letters to all the Turkomauns and Hazārahs, and to the Khans of Ankhoi, Maymona, and to the Ameer of Cabūl, and to the King of Khokand and Shahr Sabz.

"Giving you my benediction as the great derveesh, well known throughout Frankistaun and in the land of Russia.

(Sealed)

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

The reports gathered from so near a spot to Bokhara as Meshed were, if possible, more favorable than at Teheraun. Tamas Beyk told Dr. Wolff that Kurban, the chief of the caravans, who resided twelve days' journey from Bokhara, had assured him the officers were alive and imprisoned outside Bokhara in the Kalai. Kakulli, a Turkomaun chief, showed a letter from his brother living in Bokhara, in which he stated Stoddart was alive to a certainty. The Assaff-ood-Dowla particularly stated they were alive in 1843. Their death had been reported in Meshed three years previous, when it was well known they were alive. All this looked so like life, that Dr. Wolff determined to proceed. While at Meshed, Muhammed Ali Seraf brought with him Haje Ibrahim, brother to Abdul Samut Khan, the commander of the artillery of the Ameer and his lieutenant, to see Dr. Wolff, and we extract at length the important conversation which then took place.

Haje Ibrahim demanded in a loud voice—

"Have you a letter from the Queen of England for the king of Bokhara?" I replied, 'No; but I have letters from the Sultan of Constantinople, from the King of Persia, and from the Russian ambassador.' Haje Ibrahim replied, 'All these letters are *poosh*,' which means, *good for nothing*. 'I will tell you what they will do with you as soon as you arrive at Jehar-Joo. They will put you in a little room, take from you all the money you have, keep you there until an answer comes from the Ameer, to whom they will report your arrival. After his answer they will bind your eyes, that you shall not be able to see anything about you in the country, put you in the black well, and then kill you.' I asked, 'How do you know that?' He said, 'Stoddart came to Bokhara with a letter from the Vizier Mughtar, the British envoy at Teheraun; he was put in prison. After this, Conolly came with letters from the ambassador at Cabūl, or, as he called him, the Laard Nawaub Saheb. He was put in prison. Then a letter came from the Sultan. The Ameer cast it away with disdain, and said, "The Sultan is half a Kafir (infidel.) I want a letter from the Queen of England." Some time after a letter arrived from the Sirkar of Hind (the governor-general.) This letter,' said he, with a sneer, 'stated "that Stoddart and Conolly were innocent travellers." Upon which the Ameer was so angry that he put both to death, and I have this account from my brother, Abdul Samut Khan.' "

At the time that this conversation took place, the Ameer of Bokhara had never seen the letter in question.

The obvious motive of Haje Ibrahim and Muhammed Ali Seraf in stopping Dr. Wolff from going to Bokhara was, as will appear in the further progress of this narrative, to prevent an

investigation of the principles on which they had acted; and but for the fortunate circumstance that Haje Ibrahim was not at Bokhara when the second letter from the Shah arrived—to which Dr. Wolff owed entirely his liberation, and which fell, from his absence, into the hands of Mullah Meh-dee, Dr. Wolff's baptized Jew, and was forwarded by a safe hand to the Persian ambassador, Abbas Kouli Khan, who presented it to the Ameer, and which produced the effect intended—that letter also would have lain quietly by the side of the Sultan's letter, to be opened probably by the executors—we had nearly written executioners—of those respectable gentlemen, Haje Ibrahim and Muhammed Ali Seraf. With Dr. Wolff, however, nothing slumbers. He demanded the Sultan's letter on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly, placed it by the side of the Shah's recommending himself, and telling the two worthy coadjutors that all they could say would not stop him, made arrangements for his departure. Before quitting Meshed, however, he had an interview with the Assaff-ood-Dowla, Viceroy of Khorassaun. This distinguished man, who evidently is playing a game either for the throne of Persia or the kingdom of Khorassaun, was determined not to be outdone by either his personal enemy, the king's minister, the Haje, or by the Shah himself. He ordered the Turkomauns to take charge of Dr. Wolff on the route to Bokhara, and sent one of their chiefs into Bokhara with him, who, though he proved anything but a help to Dr. Wolff, was intended by the Assaff-ood-Dowla as a valuable coadjutor, and would have proved so but for the inherent dishonesty of a Turkomaun. The Assaff-ood-Dowla is fast receiving the aid of these wanderers, but it is one on which he cannot, we fear, place much reliance, if Dil Assa Khan, the Turkomaun chief whom he sent on with Dr. Wolff, is to be taken as a specimen; for this fellow, from first to last, seems to have been determined to counteract all that the Assaff-ood-Dowla had contrived for the benefit of Dr. Wolff. The Viceroy is ready at an hour's notice, whenever England asks him, to march on Bokhara and take it, he assured Dr. Wolff, and we doubt not that he would attempt it; but we question whether his Persians could do it, and we are certain that the Turkomauns could not. From Meshed Dr. Wolff wrote a bold letter to the Ameer to tell him the object of his mission. On March 31st he crossed into the desert to fulfil his word. We pass numerous stations, and exactions incessantly made by Dil Assa Khan, the Turkomaun chief, until the arrival of Dr. Wolff at Mowr, the residence of that remarkable man, Abd Urrahman, the Khaleefa of Khiva and Bokhara.

"Providence does appear in a most wonderful manner to operate by the most singular causes to restrain the wickedness of men. The Turkomauns of the desert of Mowr and Sarakhs are a people of such a perfidious disposition, and of such great rapacity, that one could not depend for a moment on their promises, or on any treaties entered into with them; for the Turkomauns, as well as the Bedūins in the deserts of Arabia, do not consider consequences, but are only restrained by instant infliction of punishment; and therefore no caravan could ever dream of passing through the deserts of Mowr, Sarakhs, and Rafitak, if there was not one man in that desert who knew how to restrain the Turkomauns. This man is the great derveesh, who has the title of Khaleefa, or successor

of the Prophet, and is addressed by the royal epithet of *Husrat*, i. e. Majesty, and to whom are paid all the honors due to royalty by the *Türkomauns*. His blessing they invoke previous to their going on any expedition, and to him they give the tenth of their spoil. He receives all the caravans under his protection, and shows hospitality to all the wanderers. His blessing is the most ardent desire of the *Türkomauns*, and his curse their deepest dread. He inculcates among them the rites of hospitality, and tells them that Abraham was honored with the visit of angels, as a reward from God for his hospitality. Even the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, Khotan and Khokand, and even the Governor of Yarkand in Chinese Tartary, send him presents, and give him the title of king. His name is Abd Urrahman, 'Slave of the merciful God;' for, on the day of his birth, the merciful God sent rain over the desert after it had not rained for a long time: such is his gifted nativity in the mind of this simple-minded people. He has a son, whose name is Kereem Werde, which means, 'The bountiful God has given;' for after God had only given daughters to the Khaleefa, he at last bountifully added a son to his family. This is the man sent by Providence to keep the *Türkomauns* in order to a certain degree. I say to a certain degree, for he himself encourages them to fight and spoil the Sheea, which he tells them is more acceptable to God than the performances of pilgrimages to Mecca or to Masaur, near Balkh, where Ali's camel ascended to heaven."—Vol. i., p. 270.

The Khaleefa also assured Dr. Wolff that Stoddart was certainly living; about Conolly he was not certain. The report of the Austrian consul, Ghersi, that Colonel Stoddart was commanding the artillery at Bokhara, turned out to be wholly erroneous. This was clearly the brother of Haje Ibrahim, Abdul Samut Khan, a Persian, of whom more anon.

The wild scenes of *Türkomaun* life are most graphical. We select the following for an illustration:—

"During my stay at Mowr a company of dancing derveshes arrived from Yarkand, who stripped themselves and danced about until they sank down to the ground. The son of the Khaleefa, seeing them dance about thus, stripped himself also, and danced about with them. The coincidence in the method of naming his children, and of those wild rites, with some passages in Scripture, cannot but strike our readers. We adduce one in corroboration of the latter: 'And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?' 1 Sam. xix. 24."—Vol. i., p. 272.

The hospitable Khaleefa attempted to dissuade Dr. Wolff from visiting Bokhara by pointing out the danger. Dr. Wolff said, "To Bokhara I must go." The Khaleefa then did his best for him, and wrote a strong letter to the Ameer. The Khaleefa is extremely kind to the Jews of Mowr. Amid the other remarkable incidents at this place, the following is not the least, either in reference to subject, or to the peculiar views of both the dervesh and Dr. Wolff.

"Nathan (the Jew) called on me one day with a dervesh from Kasgar. The dervesh from Kasgar observed, 'Voussuff Wolff, who is the author of the fire and water!'

"W. God.

"*Dervesh*. No such thing! Satan is the author of both; for fire and water are destructive materials, and therefore it is impossible that God could be the author of them. And you ought to know that there are two Gods—one is God of the world above, who is a good God, who created the light which does not burn, and who created the rose and the nightingale; but a battle took place between God above and God below, and the God below marred all the creatures of God above; and this is a fight which still goes on. Men who act well are servants of the God above, and his creatures. Men who act badly are the servants of the God below. There shall be another battle fought, when the God below shall ascend to the seventh heaven with myriads of his soldiers; flying serpents shall soar up with him; but the God below shall be defeated, and at last shall become a humble subject of the God above!"

"I then read with the dervesh and Nathan the Jew, Revelation xii., and showed to them how far Scripture agrees with them, and how far not. I then said, 'All that is, is the work of God—of that God who is above, and who is the creator of heaven and earth, and of Adam and Eve; and after He had overlooked all things that He had made, He pronounced everything to be good; but Satan, in the garb of a serpent, and who is called by the apostle the God of this world, beguiled Eve, and she her husband, and thus evil came into the world; and as where tyranny prevails the country becomes a desert, thus the world and men therein became corrupt; but *Jesus*, the *Word of God*, who descended from heaven, and was born of Mary, came to the world below to unite again the *Creator* with the *creature*: and to effect this great work, He showed his love to the creatures by giving his life for them, but took it again after three days. He gained by that first act a great many followers of all nations, and those countries which follow Him are therefore better, and the inhabitants thereof better, than those who do not follow Him; but a combat is still going on between God and Satan—between the followers of the one and the other—the seed of the serpent and the woman's seed—and will be carried on until *Jesus* the *Meseeh*, i. e. Christ, shall return with ten thousands of his saints amidst the sound of the trumpet and the shout of archangels, and the rising of those dead people who became martyrs for the sake of the religion of *Jesus*. And then Satan shall also be killed, who though called "God," is not an eternal God, but was a created angel, who remained not faithful to his Creator, and then *Jesus* shall erect his throne at Jerusalem, and there shall be a communication between the inhabitants on earth and the inhabitants in heaven, and angels shall ascend up to God and descend upon *Jesus* his Son.'"—Vol. i., p. 275.

This spot strikes us, we own, in all respects, as one of the most singular on the earth. The awful character of the Khaleefa—the singular beginnings of the desert over whom he holds his sway, and the following remarkable circumstances of its being the asylum from persecution, and strange to say, a great seat of education; all combine to give it a unity of aspect that is most imposing.

"At Mowr, (or Merw,) Nizam Oolmulk, the Great Vizier of Malek Shah, of the Seljuck dynasty, established a school, and since that time, as the *Türkomauns* assured me, a school is kept

up, and even now the sons of the Great Khaleefa keep a school at Merw, in which they instruct the children in the Arabic and Persian tongues. I must here observe, that it is remarkable that wherever celebrated schools have existed in ancient time, among the Eastern people, they would consider it a sin to give them up. It is thus invariably among the Muhammedans, the Guebers and the Jews. I instance, first, that at Mowr already mentioned; though a desert, a school is kept there, on account of its antiquity. At Basora, in the Persian Gulf, though destroyed, the school is not given up; at Bagdad the same; and even the Arabs around Būfa have a school; and Teman and Yemen, where knowledge did not cease in the time of Jeremiah, to this day has celebrated schools—Zubeyd, Sanaa, Hodeydah and Loheyah. And, with regard to the Jews, I shall only mention that in the city of Safet, where the great Simon Ben Yohaaye, the compiler of the Book of Zohar, and the other compilers of the Talmud, lived; a famous school is still existing. At Yazd, in Persia, formerly the seat of Parsee learning, the ancient Parsee language is still taught.

"At Merw, all those Jews who have been constrained to embrace Muhammedanism in other parts of Persia, are permitted to return to their ancient usages and religion. But it is a remarkable fact, that there are some Jews at Mowr, who have professed the Muhammedan religion and become Türkomauns, and that there are Jews at Khiva, of whom I was told at Mowr, who, though remaining Jews, have intermarried with the Usbeks. And is it not striking that Jews have received the most powerful protection among the wild inhabitants of the desert? Thus, Jews, who are tyrannized over at Bokhara and in Persia, fly to the inhabitants of the desert, at Mowr, Sarakhs, Akhal, and to the Hazarah in Affghanistaun. And this is even the case in Morocco, where they often fly from the tyranny of the emperor to the inhabitants of the desert at Tafilla-Leth. And in Mesopotamia they escape from Bagdad and Mosul to the wild Yeseede, in the mountains of Sunjar."—Vol. i., p. 28.

Here, also, Genghis Khan's vast campaigns were carried on: not a station around it is there but what has seen that conqueror's step. Dr. Wolff quitted Mowr April 15th. At Kalja, near Mowr, there fell an unusual quantity of snow, during which interval Dr. Wolff sat down among the Türkomauns and derveeshes, and joined in converse with them. Of these singular conversations the following is a fair specimen.

"A Türkomaun in the tent showed to me a whole bag of Greek and Arabic coins. It is remarkable to hear these Türkomauns speak of the exploits of Alexander and Timur, exactly as if of modern occurrence. One of the Türkomauns, striking upon the ground with his hand, said, 'Here it was that Timur the Kurikan was born, (as Tamerlane is called there.) Timur Kurikan passed here to punish the Khan of Kharasm, i. e. Organtsh, and how severely did he punish him. He made a pyramid at Organtsh, entirely of skulls of men, cemented with clay. He spared the lives of none, except those of holy derveeshes, of the learned, and of poets, around whose houses he placed Karawl, i. e. guards. He was nine times in the desert of Mowr, nine times he returned in triumph to Samarcand. He had white hair from

his childhood, and by his strength of body he could have slain a Rustam, and was endued with such a strength of mind that he never wept. He so much loved the truth, that when some person told him a lie with the intention of pleasing him, he cut him to pieces; and when a person told him a truth, though disagreeable, he rewarded him with gold. At the death of his son, whom he tenderly loved, he lifted up his eye towards heaven, and said the word of the *Koran*, 'We are of God, and to God we shall return.'" Then another Türkomaun turned to me, and said, 'He also came on to your country, Joseph Wolff, (i. e. the land of Room, Turkey,) where he made a prisoner of Bayazid, and brought him in a cage to Samarcand. He was only once wounded, and this was in the country of Sistan, which made him lame, and for which reason he received the name of Timur-Lank, i. e. Timur the Lame. The gardens which he made at Samarcand were innumerable, and his court was filled with the learned from the country of Ghatay, with the fakeers of Hindūstaun, and with the scholars from Room. Jews and Guebers, Cossacks, and the inhabitants of the land of Russ, became his guests. The man was born at Shahr-Sabz, and was on his way to Ghatay to conquer the whole land of Cheen-Pa-Cheen, when Fate decreed otherwise. He died at Atraw, but he is buried at Samarcand, in a splendid tomb.' Mullah Seffey, the Jew present, said, 'Our ancestors, whom he much loved, and for which they were rewarded by God with so much power, believed him to be the Messiah; and when he returned to Samarcand they went to meet him with the Sepher Torah in their hands, and palms in the other, and we sang, 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, save us! We beseech Thee, O Lord, we beseech Thee, O Lord, prosper us!'"

"Then one of the derveeshes present in the tent began to speak about Nadir Shah, the son of a pelisse-maker, who became mighty in battle, and a tiger in war. He was at Mowr, and marched towards Hind. He sent six thousand people on to Rafitak to dig wells. He had numbered the number of Türkomauns, and a regular census of the inhabitants was established in every country he traversed. The tribe of Salor in the camp of Yolatan (six miles from Mowr) were his great friends, and he gave sums of gold to the Türkomauns; on which account they assisted him in his march; and one of the other Türkomauns said, 'Thus the English must do as Nadir Shah did, when they went to conquer Khiva and Bokhara; they must feed us Türkomauns. We care not who rules; we are always with the stronger party.'"

Dr. Wolff now confesses to strong misgivings. He found out, on further inquiries, that the officers were not seen at Bokhara; the identity of the Samut Khan was clear. Strangling, which existed in his time at Bokhara, had been abolished by the present king—nearly the only circumstance on which the government informant, Saleh Muhammed, was right. The Ameer viewed evidently the letter of Lord Ellenborough as a deadly affront on Haje Ibrahim's showing, if true. He provided for the worst, and wrote to England that nothing but the sign-manual of the queen would save him if matters went wrong, and also to obtain the Czar's letter.

While at Jehaar-Joo, Dr. Wolff received a visit

from the same Jews he had seen before at that place, and when the Usbecks had quitted his tent, they said :

"Joseph Wolff, Joseph Wolff, Joseph Wolff, you are a son of Death as soon as you enter Bokhara. For God's sake do not enter; there is still time to retrace your steps; this night we will fly with you to Organtsh, or send a man with you to Organtsh, with one of our friends. The king of Organtsh is a friend to England, and to Conolly, but for God's sake do not go on to Bokhara. Stoddart has been put to death; Conolly also; and some years before both of them, Lieutenant Wyburt, who was on his way to Khiva, but was brought to Bokhara and put in prison there, and some years after his throat was cut; and five other Englishmen have been put to death at the Gate of Jehaar-Joo, only ten months ago. Poor Conolly, poor Conolly, poor Conolly was dragged to the place of execution. His words were, 'Wail, wail, wail; Kee aftadam bedaste SZAALEM.' 'Woe to me, woe to me, woe to me, that I have fallen into the hands of a tyrant.'"—Vol. i., p. 304.

The discouraging reports that the personal safety of Dr. Wolff was more than matter of question produced a serious effect on his attendants. The two Turkomauns, Ameer Sarog and Kaher Kooli, first set the example of deserting him. Abdullah, another servant, then appeared, and did the same; and Hussein alone remained faithful. He had been with Dr. Wolff in 1832, and had seen him escape burning at But-Bamaen, and therefore trusted to his stars. It then appeared that the Turkomaun chief, while Dr. Wolff slept, had seen the governor of Karakol, a place which they had just reached, and certainly gathered that death would be the result of his appearance in Bokhara. Dr. Wolff warned him of the consequences that would alight on his head from the Assaff-ood-Dowla, if treacherous; to which the Turkomaun replied, "Both your folks (Stoddart and Conolly) are killed." To which Dr. Wolff replied, "So you will act the traitor." The Turkomaun then asked, "How much money will you give me to do your work?" To this the reply was, "Not a single pool" (or penny). At the next station, however, Shahr Islam, it appeared that the King intended to honor Dr. Wolff, until he knew more about his business. This changed matters, and the manner in which Dr. Wolff made the short route from Shahr Islam to Bokhara shall be given in his own words:—

"I was dressed in full canonicals the entire distance from Mowr to Bokhara, being determined never to lose sight of my position as mullah, on which alone my safety depended, I soon perceived. I also kept the Bible open in my hand; I felt my power was in the book, and that its might would sustain me. The uncommon character of these proceedings attracted crowds from Shahr Islam to Bokhara, all which was favorable to me; since, if I was doomed to death, it would be widely known, and the consequences might be even serious to the Ameer himself, of interfering with a sacred character, armed with the Book of Mousa, and David, and Jesus, protected by the word of the Khaleefa of Mowr, supported by the Sultan, the Shah of Persia, the Russian ambassador, the Assaff-ood-Dowla, both by word and letters, and the popular principle among the Mussulmans as testified on my route, in shouts of 'Selaam Aleikoom.' 'Peace be with you.'"

"My villain escort, Dil Assa Khan, then came up to me and said, 'You ought to enter Bokhara dressed as a poor man.' I replied, 'Villain, liar, and manseller, (for strong terms alone are effective in the East,) leave me. The Assaff-ood-Dowla will assuredly put you to death when we reach Meshed.' Dil Assa Khan turned deadly pale. Shouts of 'Selaam Aleikoom' from thousands rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cassacks and Girseshes from the deserts, the Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmeer, the Serkerdeha or Grandees of the king on horseback, the Affghauns, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still and looked at me; Jews with their little caps, the distinguishing badge of the Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand politely smiling at me; and the mullahs from Chekarpoor and Sinda looking at me and saying, 'Inglese Said;' veiled women screaming to each other, 'Englees Eljee, English ambassador;' others coming by them and saying, 'He is not an Eljee, but the Grand Derveesh, Derveesh Kelaun, of Englistaun.'

"My addresses had been circulated throughout all the parts of Persia, Turkistaun, and Bokhara; my object had become widely understood, and I doubtless reaped the fruit of making the object of my mission thus clear and intelligible to all the Mussulman world. Amid the continued shouts of 'Selaam Aleikoom,' I looked closely among the populace, in the hope that I might recognize Stoddart or Conolly. It was vain."—Vol. i., pp. 310, 313, 314.

Before they were carried to their destined quarters they were brought before the king. His palace is situated on a lofty eminence. The Serkerdeha or grandees were quitting on horseback at their arrival. The people crowded around Dr. Wolff, and demanded the name of the book in his hand; to which he replied, the *Towrat-e-Moosa*, (Laws of Moses,) the *Saboor-e-Dawood*, (Psalms of David,) and the *Anjeel-e-Esau*, (the Gospel of Christ,) and the prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah; all holy names on Mussulmans' lips. After a demand if he would comply with the mode of *selaam*, to which he assented, he delivered his letters. We commend to our readers the flowers of rhetoric in the letter of the Sheik Islam of Constantinople to the Sheik Islam of Bokhara. After the delivery of the letters they were presented to the Ameer. We insert the description of the Ameer, of his nearly extinct race, and the singular meeting of Dr. Wolff with an absent member of his majesty's family:

"His majesty is about five feet six inches high, rather stout, black eyes and small, of dark complexion, with a convulsive twitching of the muscles of his face; his voice not remarkably powerful, but rapid in intonation; his smile appears forced. He has the whole appearance of a *bon-vivant*. His clothes are quite those of a common mullah, without any pomp or decoration. He has deprived the mullahs of all their power, and taken the executive into his own hands. On his accession to the throne he killed five of his brothers; two of them, it is reported, were murdered in the territory of foreign powers; viz., one of them at Khokand, and the other at Orenbourg in Russia. After the death of his father, Turah Zadeh was the eldest, and had actually taken possession of

Bokhara; however, Nasir Ullah, the present king, retired to the fortress of Karshi, and his friend, who was the Hakim Beyk, remained at Bokhara, and gained over the people of Bokhara by his learning, talent, integrity and wealth, in favor of Nasir Ullah. After he had thus gained the inhabitants, he sent word to Nasir Ullah to come with troops to the gates of Bokhara. As soon as he appeared the gates were opened, and Tureh Zadeh murdered, and Nasir Ullah ascended the throne. A second brother was murdered in the arms of his mother. Omar Khan, a third brother, had the good fortune to escape, and he wandered about in the whole of Türkistaun, spent some time among the derveeshes of Mowlana and Jelala Adeen, in the Turkish empire, performed under the garb of a derveesh his pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, to the grave of Muhammed at Medina; returned again to the khunkaar (sultan) of Stamboul; and when I, in 1832, was in the desert of Mowr, seated in the tent of a Jew, a derveesh entered the tent of my Jewish host, and soon after an Usbeck came in and stared at the derveesh, and exclaimed suddenly, kissing his feet, 'God preserve Omar Khan, my Padishah of Bokhara, son of Ameer Hyder Behadur.' Omar Khan said, 'Betray me not;' and thus Omar Khan wandered about in the desert of Mowr, and made an alliance with the king of Khiva; and I heard after this that he was slain in battle against his brother, the present king. It is also said that the present king poisoned his own father."—Vol. i., pp. 319—321.

To the above description we have simply to add that he was the son of Shah Hyder by a Persian slave, and that the Turkomauns say of him, "As a horse paired with a donkey produces a mule, so an Usbeck married to a Persian must produce a monster." They further compliment him by adding that he drank the milk of a man-eater, for his wet-nurse was a Cossack woman of the desert, and these women are accused of the same habit as the Ghouls, viz., eating the bodies of dead men in the desert, and hence the Turkomauns trace his appetite for blood.

The Ameer behaved with great ingratitude to Hakim Beyk, who secured for him his throne, and in reward was executed. He was put to death on the same spot as Stoddart and Conolly. Passive obedience and non-resistance is the doctrine inculcated at Bokhara. The Sheikh Islam lays down the doctrine that the people are sheep, with whom the king can do what he pleases. The wives of the subject are comprehended under this category, and the king accordingly does with them as he likes, and seizes them at his pleasure. Before the Sheikh Islam laid down this alarming doctrine they say the king was a very different person.

The king was seated to receive Dr. Wolff on a balcony of the palace; thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on Dr. Wolff to see if he would comply with the etiquette. The mournful circumstances connected with Colonel Stoddart's refusal were before him, and he wisely determined to be in excess rather than deficiency, and he continued to bow and to exclaim, "Allah Akbar," and "Selaam Aleikoom," until the king, bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed, "Enough, enough, enough!" The king's remark on him was, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is, in his eyes, and his dress, and the book in his hand."

After presentation to the king, Dr. Wolff and Dil Assa Khan, the Turkomaun chief, underwent an examination before the Shekhawl. To the utter astonishment of Dr. Wolff, the villainous Turkomaun denied all connection with Dr. Wolff, though expressly instructed by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to aid him. Alone and unbefriended by any, Dr. Wolff, however, boldly stated the object of his mission. The Shekhawl demanded his object. To this the lying Turkomaun replied, "to establish peace between England and Bokhara." To this Dr. Wolff replied he had no such instructions; he came simply to demand whether his friend Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were alive or dead; if alive, to request the king to send them back; if dead, to give him their bones, and the reasons for their being put to death. The following dialogue then took place:—

"Sh. Has the British government itself authorized you to come here?"

"Dil Assa Khan interrupted me here, and said, 'Yes.'"

"W. No; I am sent by the Sultan and Muhammed Shah, on account of their friendship with England."

"Sh. Are you authorized to claim them if alive?"

"W. Yes, by all the powers of Europe, and the voice of the British nation."

"Sh. Is there much commotion about it in Europe?"

"W. Very much so; people speak only of Stoddart and Conolly, and of the apprehension they entertain of my sharing the fate of Stoddart and my friend Conolly."

"Mullah Haje. You loved Conolly very much?"

"W. Very much."—Vol. i., p. 333.

They were then dismissed, and Dr. Wolff took up his abode in a house belonging to the murdered Toorah Zadeh, brother to the present king. He was watched day and night.

The only good point connected with the present Ameer, is a sincere desire to inform himself of everything. His Makhrams, or chamberlains, came nearly daily to Dr. Wolff with some question. One day they brought the following: How do the Christian Mullahs prove their religion? To this Dr. Wolff replied, showing the strong character of the Christian evidences.

On another, the Makhram came down with a request that the doctor would furnish the Ameer with the history of Muhammed, as related by the learned men of the European nations. This being delicate ground, Dr. Wolff inquired whether it was intended to force him to become Muhammedan? He received word, not in the least. He sat down and wrote a life of Muhammed, which is given in the work.

The sensation created by a work written under such extraordinary circumstances was immense. The king sent for the Sheikh Islam, for the Kazi Kelaun, and all the Mullahs; and the Sheikh Islam observed, "This life must be kept among the books in the library in the Great Mosque; and it is remarkable with what prudence Joseph Wolff has contrived to give his sentiments without offence, and at the same time delivers, with sincerity, the sentiments of wise Christians with regard to our Prophet." Copies, by order of the king, were sent to Balkh, Khoolaun, Mazaur, Cabul.

Dr. Wolff, however, continued to detect daily the mass of treachery that surrounded him. Thus, for example, Yar Muhammed Khan of Heraut pledged himself to recommend him to the Ameer

of Bokhara, and he kept his word, for he did so three times, for decapitation.

The Makhrams continued to come daily with questions, to which Dr. Wolff's answers were written down. On even the second day of his arrival he had to solve two—

Whether he had the power to raise the dead?

Did he know when the day of resurrection would arrive?

The king even seemed to have been forced into some liking for him, for he gave him three names—

1. Joseph Wolff, the Original.
2. Joseph Wolff, the Star with the Tail.
3. Joseph Wolff, the Timid One.

Amid a mass of questions put at different periods, the following will indicate sufficiently to our readers the extent of the information at which the Ameer aimed.

His Makhram continued to come daily with such questions as the following:

"The mode of travelling in Persia, Turkey and England? To this I replied, giving an ordinary explanation; but his majesty could not understand why we had no camels in England, and I had to write an immense time before he comprehended our railroad travelling.

"Whether the queen has a husband? I answered this in the affirmative, but told him that the government was in the hands of the queen. He then exclaimed, 'What kind of husband is he that is under the government of his wife?'

"Why a woman is queen, and not the husband? I pointed out that the succession ran in the eldest branch, male or female, and illustrated the position by James of Scotland.

"The Ameer wished another day to have the names of the four grand Viziers, and twelve little Viziers of England, and the forty-two Elders. I gave to his majesty a list of the names of the present ministry, when the Makhram returned in a fury, and said that his majesty had found me out to be a *liar*, for the four grand Viziers, according to Colonel Stoddart's account, were—Laard Maleburne, Laard Jaan Rawsall, Laard Malegraave, Seere Jaane Habehaase. I was brought in to the king, and then had to give a complete idea of the constitution of England, which, though his majesty could not understand it fully, yet I convinced him that my list might be true also, especially as I was able to tell him the names of the whig administration.

"At the same time his majesty asked me whether *witches* were to be found in England. To which I replied, that witchcraft was prohibited to the Christians, and, according to the old law of England, was punished with death; that this arose from the fact that witchcraft required, to complete its rites, shedding of blood and other unlawful acts, and was consequently for *that*, independent of any other question of its effects, punished with death, under Jewish and Christian ordinances. That witchcraft does not now exist, and that scarcely any one in England believes in the existence of it at all. I was the more anxious to say this, lest from the circumstance that they entertained the notion of my being a wizard, I might suffer those very serious consequences that my predecessors in the black art had from time to time experienced. It will further be seen, in the progress of this narrative, that it was reported that Abdul Samut Khan and I practised witchcraft at our meetings, when in truth that mighty alchemist was only bent on transmuting me into as much

solid gold as possible by the dint of his philosopher's stone—cruelty, incarceration and threats of death.

"On another occasion I was asked, how many ambassadors her majesty had, and how they were treated? I gave a list of ambassadors, and stated that they were not guarded and watched, as was the practice at Bokhara, but enjoyed full liberty and high distinctions and privileges.

"The king then asked, whether they would kill his ambassador at London? I replied, if any Englishman did so, he would immediately be put to death, by the laws of the land; and to illustrate it, I told him of the good reception of Dost Muhammed Khan in India.

"Why do the English people like old coins? was then demanded. I explained that their value in the eyes of Englishmen arose from the circumstance that coins were looked upon as the very backbone on which the frame of history is supported. That without them we could not ascertain the duration of the world, dynasties of kings, and national events. That they were the great guides of the historian in determining his eras, and formed a metallic history of the earth, and that statues and ancient monuments were used as similar auxiliaries.

"Who Ghengis Khan was? After the usual particulars of this well-known life, I added that the Jews believed that he was one of their nation.

"Who Dareius was? I then detailed the history of this monarch, whom they call Tagianus.

"How the English govern India? After general details I pointed out the toleration of the British government in India, allowing all persons to follow their own religion, and making no difference in the exercise of law between Englishman, Muhammedan and Hindoo; and that if an Englishman were to insult a Muhammedan or Hindoo, relative to religion or any other matter, he would be severely punished.

"The names of the richest Jews in England? Rothschild, Goldsmith, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Cohen.

"Whether the queen has the power to kill any one she pleases? No; but she can pardon whom she pleases; and persons who have even attempted the life of the queen have not suffered, but been pardoned. I explained that the queen was compelled to submit her rights to the trial by jury, as well as the lords or commoners. On which one of the Makhrams observed, 'What kind of a sovereign is this, that cannot take away any life that she pleases?'

"How many farsakhs an hour a steam-ship goes? I said three and four farsakhs (about sixteen miles an hour.)"

The tyranny of the Ameer may be gathered from the simple fact, that at Bokhara it is literally a "post royale," since the Ameer reads every letter of his subjects. This possibly led to the mysterious detention on the part of Colonel Sheil of the letter of Sir Moses Montefiore, but still is inapplicable to that of the Sultan in the hands of Muhammed Ali Serraf. A most perfect system of espionage by children, as perfect as in the glorious day of Fouché in France, appears to prevail at Bokhara.

The detention of the ambassador of the King of Bokhara in Persia, which Colonel Sheil had devised for Dr. Wolff's safety, produced the reverse effect, for the Ameer determined on his detention until his ambassador had arrived.

The Nayeb appears not to enjoy any very great portion of either love or fear. The following conversation of Dr. Wolff with Behadur Hussein Ali and others of the Nayeb's officers is singular.

"Behadur Hussein Ali, and other officers of the Nayeb, then took me alone, and said, 'You will find at last that the Nayeb is a Haram Zadeh (son of —), who treated Stoddart and Conolly as he does you, and Boutenieff, the Russian ambassador, whom he detained as long as he could, always pretending to be their friend.' Behadur then took me alone, and pulling off his cap, and lifting his eyes to heaven, said, in a kind of despair: 'Oh, Conolly Saib! Oh, Conolly Saib! thou wert deceived by that Haram-Zadeh the Nayeb. He has also deceived me, allured me with promises to Cabul from Lahore, and from Cabul to Bokhara; and now he has forced me to marry, and having made a slave of me, will at last kill me, and take the few tomanes I have from me; but, what is worse, he has already made me his accomplice in every evil work he has committed. I am the keeper of those prisoners, who will never see the light of day again, for he has killed many of them, and I shall be killed also. But I must tell you all, for I am an Indian Mussulman, and have eaten the salt of English people. I knew Mr. Vigne at Cabul; he has drawn my portrait, and has given me many a rupee. I am not an Iranee, (Persian,) I am an Hindee, and have eaten the salt of Englishmen. The Nayeb will kill you at last, after he has got money from you. He gave money to Conolly, and after Conolly was dead he got it back again. Pray do not tell him what I tell you—he will kill me—he will kill me. I am not an Iranee, I am an Hindee, and have eaten the salt of Englishmen.' This account of Behadur, delivered with every mark of deep sincerity of feeling, was amply confirmed by Mirza Muhammed Noori and the Yavar, i. e. Major of the Sirbaas, who at the same time added, 'That cursed Nayeb receives every year thirty thousand tillahs from the king, in order to equip the soldiers, and for the cannon foundry, but he puts the money into his pocket, and suffers the poor soldiers to go barefoot and starve. He is an enemy to his own country, Persia; and though a Guzl-Bush himself, woe to that Guzl-Bush who is sold to him as a slave. He never gives them their liberty, except by paying to him three times as much as an Usbeck would demand. Here is Assad Ullah Beg, who has been demanded three times by the Haje of Persia; and it would only cost the Nayeb a few words to the king to give him liberty to return to Persia, but he has not spoken one single word to the king.'"

This Assad Ullah Beg was afterwards seen by Dr. Wolff at liberty in Persia, and his details of the tyranny of this miscreant Abdul Samut Khan were perfectly startling. The surveillance over Dr. Wolff continued to grow still more and more severe; and at this time he detected the fact that the Ameer had never seen the letter of Lord Ellenborough. We refer our readers for the singular details connected with this important document which Colonel Sheil possessed himself of at Teheraun, and of which Dr. Wolff kept no copy. We are aware that a very different opinion is entertained on the subject of this letter by a very competent judge, Captain Grover; but we cannot, on an investigation of the facts, arrive at any other conclusion than this:—*the letter of Lord Ellenborough never reached the Ameer's hands until after Dr. Wolff had arrived at Bokhara. It was conse-*

quentially not at all instrumental to the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. It appears wonderful that such a thing should take place in any kingdom, especially an absolute government; but the Nayeb had his own reasons for suppressing all amicable relations with England, since he knows that the English army despise, deride, and hate him.

At this period the king proceeded to Khokand.

It may possibly be considered that the Ameer is a monster *par excellence* in this part of the world. We regret to say, for the honor of human nature, he is not so. The King of Khiva is a wretch so atrociously wicked, that he surpasses nearly or possibly equals the Ameer of Bokhara. We could recount a deed of that sovereign that certainly exceeded in barbarity anything that ever reached us, of the fearful horrors enacted by Timur, Ghengis Khan, Nadir Shah, or even the inquisition. It is, however, of so repelling a character, that though we had entertained a notion of giving it in a Latin note, we decline putting the world in possession of it even through that partial medium.

Dr. Wolff contrived to give the intended victims of the Ameer's brutality, both at Shahr Sabz and Khokand, full information of his designs—a measure of little prudence, but of large philanthropy. Shahr Sabz was consequently inundated by the inhabitants, which prevented any attack, and Sheer Ali Khan of Khokand meeting the Ameer of Bokhara with 11,000 Ghirgese soon compelled him to beat a retreat. During the king's absence, Dr. Wolff beguiled the time in story-telling in his rooms. The Merwee asked him to tell them the life of Napoleon: this he does, and adapts his tale to Orientals' comprehension, several witticisms he played off, of which our readers will find the details in vol. ii., c. 15, and they are well worth a perusal. At length the long-looked for Persian ambassador, on whom Dr. Wolff considered that his life was dependent, Abbas Kouli Khan, arrived. He immediately sought out Dr. Wolff, but they had scarce had five minutes' conversation before the Nayeb sent for Dr. Wolff. He then proffered him every aid, even to resist the power of the Ameer if desirous to kill him, and induced him to abide with him, and the day following communicated to him that the Shah and the Haje had requested the Ameer to put him to death. Dr. Wolff determined on an escape, when one of the Makhrams or chamberlains from the king came to order him to town. We give the issue of this in his own words:

"As the Nayeb was up-stairs, I called out, 'Nayeb!' The rascal came down. The hue of his complexion was quite black; I almost started at the sight. I asked him whether he knew the king's order. He said, 'Yes, and you must obey.' I said, 'I now see that the people are right, who say that you are the cause that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been killed; you are a liar, a traitor, and a rascal! you intend to kill me too.' To this he replied, 'Yes, I have killed them; Stoddart quarrelled with me and my brother, who is a Haje, in my garden, about tillahs.' I then said, 'Liar! why did you always tell me that Stoddart and Conolly have always been your friends?' He replied, 'I know how to treat you Franks as you ought to be treated.' The Makhram again said that I should go with him. I

said, 'No;' and saying this, I ran out of the garden over a low part of the wall, when Behadur followed me, and said, 'Now I will let you escape.'—Vol. ii., p. 77.

Behadur kept his word, and Dr. Wolff did escape through a water-hole to the house of the yawer (major,) situated about 300 feet from the Nayeb's house. When the evening approached, which was the time appointed to effect an escape, the Yawer, who was evidently an agent of Abdul Samut Khan's, told him that the Ameer's troops surrounded all adits and that he could not escape. When the Yawer and Behadur had quitted him, a female unveiled entered the room. He at once observed the trap and dismissed her with great apparent rage. This, it appears, was an old stratagem that the Nayeb had played off before, and to which this utilitarian Persian compelled all his slaves, for the purpose of selling their issue. The next morning the Makhram summoned Dr. Wolff to the presence of the king, who looked sternly on him, and gave orders that he should resume his old quarters in the Toora Khane, and that he should not stir out of the house. Now, the very person of all others happened to be there that Dr. Wolff most wished to see. And if he could not stir out of the house, he determined at least to stir about it, and he called instantly on Abbas Kouli Khan, who swore that he would protect him to the last, and that he would not quit Bokhara without him. When reminded by Dr. Wolff that Abdul Samut Khan had said that the Persian ambassador had instructions from Muhammed Shah to effect his detention and death, the noble Persian with great frankness produced his instructions from the Haje or prime minister of Persia.

We cannot but think it strange that Dr. Wolff should have reposed any credence on Abdul Samut Khan, but still, in the agitated state of his mind, great allowances are to be made. The Ameer, on the evening of this day, sent to Dr. Wolff to state that his majesty had been red in the face from fury at his conduct in giving out that it was his majesty's intention to put him to death, and requiring to know whether he would leave Bokhara without honor and in disgrace, or with honor and favor. In the first instance his passport would be granted; in the second, he would, after his return from Samacand, adorn him with a robe of honor, and send an ambassador with him to England.

The first of these would have been by far the most agreeable to Dr. Wolff as the more expeditious, but, on consideration, he thought it dangerous to close with it on many accounts. He therefore left the mode of his going from Bokhara to the king. Further delay, and nearly death, was the result of this choice. After this the king left Bokhara to reconquer Khokand and Tashkand. So far, however, from the king keeping his word to Dr. Wolff, the rigor of his imprisonment increased on his departure.

There can be no doubt on the mind of any one who attentively weighs the narrative, that Abdul Samut Khan's influence with the Ameer would have effected the death of Dr. Wolff but for the Shah's last letter. Our proofs are simple and circumstantial. It is evident that the rigor of his captivity increased after the promise that he should leave with honor and favor: it is further clear, that Abdul Samut Khan thought his death certain, for he wrote as much. It is evident that the impressions among the servants and in the town

were, that he was a doomed man. A mullah was sent to him to give him (the usual preparative for execution) the choice of death or Islam; and the very executioner soon visited him, and with a gloating satisfaction stated his conviction that his blood would mingle with that of Stoddart and Conolly. One friend alone appeared to stand by him and to brave all surrounding evils both to himself and Dr. Wolff, though fully sensible that both were in imminent danger—Abbas Kouli Khan, the Persian ambassador.

At length the pretended messenger from Balkh arrived at the end of forty days with Lord Ellenborough's letter, when he might have been back in seven. The seal of it was broken. It had doubtless been opened by the Nayeb, but unknown to the Ameer. Letters also came from poor Conolly's brother, which Dr. Wolff opened. At this period the good Abbas Kouli Khan supported Dr. Wolff from his own table, dreading that he would receive poison from the king's. Full of despondency, and yet of noble daring to the last, Dr. Wolff next addressed a letter to the sovereigns of Europe:—

"SIRS!

"I set out for Bokhara to ransom the lives of two officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly; but both of them were murdered many months previous to my departure. I do not know whether this blood of mine will not be spilt. I do not supplicate for my own safety; but, monarchs, two hundred thousand Persian slaves, many of them people of high talent, sigh in the kingdom of Bokhara. Endeavor to effect their liberation, and I shall rejoice in the grave, that my blood has been thus the cause of the ransom of so many human beings. I am too much agitated, and too closely watched, to be able to say more.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

All the letters, especially a few lines, which he considered would be his last, to his dear wife and child, were sent open, and came open through the whole of Bokhara, Khorassan, Persia, and Turkey. Fortunately the second letter from the Shah came at this critical period. It threatened war unless Dr. Wolff was restored to his country. The Ameer felt reluctant to receive it, but Abbas Kouli Khan insisted on presenting it in person; and the result was, that having perused it, he said, "Well, I make a present to you of Joseph Wolff. He may go with you."

Before his departure he was compelled by the Nayeb to sign an acknowledgment for 6000 tillahs, a portion of which only had ever reached him. He demanded back the other notes of hand, which the Nayeb had forced from him, tore them in pieces before him and wrote as follows:—

"In the garden of the infamous Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan, surrounded by his banditti, and compelled by him, I write that he forced from me a note of hand for six thousand tillahs.

"JOSEPH WOLFF, Prisoner."

Abbas Kouli Khan and Dr. Wolff were then summoned before the Ameer. Dr. Wolff and Abbas Kouli Khan were allowed to ride on horseback through the gates, while the Turkoman chief Dil Assa Khan remained behind. On their approach to the Ameer, he said to Dr. Wolff, "I send with you Aboul Kasem to accompany you to England. Stoddart and Conolly excited

Khokand and Organtsh to war, and therefore were put to death. You, Joseph Wolff, proved yourself to be a man of understanding and knowledge, and therefore I treated you with honor." Dr. Wolff replied, "Europeans frequently come to a country without knowing the customs of it, and make therefore mistakes which they do not intend."

At their quitting Bokhara, thousands of congratulating inhabitants exclaimed, "A new birth!"

The doctor then revolved in his mind the victims of Abdul Samut Khan, and he asserts that they are the following:—"1. Youssuf Khan, from Seio; 2. Colonel Stoddart; 3. Captain Conolly; 4. A Turkomaun from Merwe, sent to Bokhara to assist in the escape of Colonel Stoddart; 5. Ephraim, a Jew from Meshed, who brought letters for Conolly; 6. An Englishman who passed by the name of Hatta; 7. Captain Wyburd; 8. Five Englishmen, executed outside the town of Jehaar-Joo; 9. Naselli."

He states that the Grand Cazi and numerous persons know this to be the fact, and that Abdul Samut Khan does not affect to deny it. He then points out two methods by which the King of Bokhara might be reached. The first from Scinde, through Candahar, and from Candahar to Maymona, and from Maymona to Bokhara; the second by Persia, which evidently shows no lack of disposition, but we doubt her power.

Let us look at the population of these regions. The population of Khiva is given by Dr. Wolff at 600,000, in which he varies from Mr. M'Gregor in the enormous amount of 400,000; Bokhara is estimated by him at 1,200,000, and the town of Bokhara contains 180,000. These details are derived from the Kazi-Kelaun and others, and therefore they are probably more exact than the account of Sir A. Burnes, on which Mr. M'Gregor depended.

Passing intermediate points, the caravan with Dr. Wolff proceeded to Jesman Doo. From Jesman Doo they proceeded to Shahr Islam, the city of Afrasiab, the ninth king of the Peshdadian dynasty of Persia. We fully agree in the compliments paid here to the Biographical Dictionary of Messrs. Longman, but should have been more pleased had that dictionary been better adapted for general circulation. The *Abelard* article, for example, contains sentiments wholly at variance with existing morals, customs, usages and religion, and though we do not wish to restrict contributors, there are certain bounds between which they may be fairly held, and which are necessary to the well-being of society. At Shahr Islam Dr. Wolff learnt from the governor, of the plot to murder him, at the suggestion of the Nayeb, on the part of his servants, and communicated it to Abbas Kouli Khan. Perceiving the money to be the cause of annoyance, this simple-minded man was for pouring it out in the desert for anybody who chose to seize it. But Abbas Kouli Khan took it under his charge, and called on the caravan to support Dr. Wolff against the murderers, and after sundry annoying circumstances they reached Mowr, where the noble Khaleefa received them with his usual hospitality. We refer our readers to the varied conversations with the Khaleefa, the Turkomauns, and the Derveeshes at this place, which are highly interesting. In these lone retreats of the desert toleration seems to prevail far beyond what it does in more civilized regions of Muhammedanism. The Jews of Mowr intermarry with the

Khivites or Philistines, descendants of the Hivites as they call them. Turkomauns and Usbecks are far less fanatical than Turks and Arabs. The war-cry of Israel frequently resounds in the camp of the Khivites—Rabone Shel Olam, Lord of the World. From of old it has been thus; for Ghengis Khan had a whole corps of Jews in his army. The Khaleefa was compelled to place a guard over Dr. Wolff on this spot, for his protection from the Turkomauns. These lawless men had actually killed, while in treaty with him, a messenger of the Viceroy of Persia, the Asseffood-Dowla. To such an extent did their attacks proceed, that Dr. Wolff was compelled to feign madness to rid himself and Abbas Kouli Khan of their importunities.

We omit the terrible annoyances from the Turkomauns, and imminent dangers from the Khivites, who had nearly seized the caravan, until the arrival of Dr. Wolff at Meshed. The details of the Jews of this place, and the celebrated massacre of Allah Daad, will be read with deep interest by all. Here the full power of that benevolent legislation on the part of the Ottoman states, which will, we trust, be carried on in Khorassan and Persia, as well as Turkey, is much needed. We allude to the repeal of that enactment obtained from the Porte, that if a person become Muhammedan and then Christian he should be put to death. The Jews of Meshed ought equally to be released; for many are Muhammedans outwardly, Jews or Christians inwardly. The hypocrisy of the Georgians, also, on this point, is familiar to all travellers.

We pass minor stations and come to Teheraun. Weakened by anxiety, and the perpetual annoyance of the Turkomauns, Dr. Wolff arrived there with great difficulty. He forwarded from some distance the letter of Lord Ellenborough, which the Ameer had given him; and on reaching Teheraun, Colonel Sheil inquired of him the date of the execution of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. Dr. Wolff, who had received an official communication on this subject from the king, did not abide by this statement, considering it to be incorrect; but on further reflection in this country, he has seen reason to believe that the date of their execution supplied by the Ameer was correct. Abdul Samut Khan, who first led him to doubt the king's exactness, had probably his own reasons for wishing to confuse the question.

And now, we ask, what is to be done to the Ameer!—Will the Dowlat, (the Power,) as we are emphatically termed by the Bakharese, content herself with her present position? If England does so, we repeat it, she seals her doom in Central Asia. Russia would not—Persia would not—we question whether even Turkey would content herself with simply refusing to receive an ambassador from Bokhara. There are many who think the noble energy of Captain Grover on the question Quixotic: we must confess we do not. The honor of his wife, in our opinion, ought not to be nearer to a man than his country. We are Tories of the old school, entertaining proud notions of our country, and we know that the Sirkar of Hind is quite near enough to punish, by the dispatch of an odd regiment or two, the Ameer, whose whole available disciplined force is very small. We shall be told that the lion rouses not his powers to wreak his might on that which is puny and weak. Still he might crush a scorpion without one jot of abatement from his imperial

dignity. We shall say nothing of the conduct of the foreign office—a "*vexata questio*;" one thing we may state, that the queen wrote a letter sealed with her *own sign manual*, to save Colonel Stoddart, but it arrived at its destination too late. If errors have been committed, if needless delay has occurred, if too much reliance on Persian statements—at all times questionable matters—as we see no good by the further agitation of such points, we are willing to let the question rest. In so doing we offer no comment on it, still less do we give absolution to any person; but, though possessed of much information which we suspect has never yet reached the government, we shall, though strongly tempted, abstain from its production.

Resuming our narrative: Dr. Wolff was, immediately on his arrival at Persia, introduced to the shah, and thanked that sovereign warmly for a life twice preserved by the intervention of that friendly power. We pass the hardships encountered on the dreadful route from Teheran to Tabreez and Constantinople. The kindness he experienced, the open hands and hearts that he met everywhere; for the attentions paid him, had he been a king, could scarcely have been greater, and might then have been of questionable sincerity. He is now in his adopted country, which received him in her churches with joy, and listened to him with devout attention. The largest meeting possibly ever known at Exeter Hall heard him, hour after hour, detail his adventures with unwearying gratification.

After this brief review of the last and most dangerous of the missionary Wolff's labors, we are naturally led to a few concluding remarks on the whole course of his life. Here, then, we have a man of first-rate powers, by birth a Jew, embracing the doctrines of the Protestant Church of England. From 1821 to 1824 he was a missionary amongst the Jews, Mahometans and Heathens of Egypt, Persia, Khorassan, the Crimea, Constantinople and Smyrna. In the year 1824 he returned to and was naturalized in England, but in the following year went through Egypt, Cyprus and Palestine. From 1830 to 1834 he travelled as missionary in Greece, the Ionian Isles, Galatia, Persia, Khorassan, Sarakhs, Bokhara, Balkh, Cabul, Simlah, Cashmere, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Calcutta, Masulipatam and Bombay. In 1835 he visited Egypt, Abyssinia, Yemen, the Wahabites and Rechabites, Bombay, New York, Jersey and Washington.

In Khorassan he was made a slave, and had his feet bastinadoed. At Madras he was seized with Asiatic cholera. At Aleppo he almost sunk into the very bosom of the earthquake that destroyed 60,000 Persians. In 1843-4-5, he was occupied on his mission to Bokhara, the results of which, in imminent peril of life and limb, are before our readers in his book.

He has brought to bear in the service of the church such attainments in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, and other languages, as are possessed by very few. His knowledge of Eastern customs, his peculiar facility for giving force and vigor to the types and strong figures of Eastern languages, his remarkably vivid phraseology, have been listened to by crowded congregations; and, if it be gratifying to him to know that he possesses the undoubted friendship and good-will of nearly every crowned head in Europe, of all our various

ambassadors, and the whole corps diplomatique, of this we can assure him. Further, if the individual were to be selected who has carried Christianity farthest into the East—who has produced there a positive effect—who is known to be a sincere and noble-hearted being—moving among men to bring them to the knowledge of the purest principles of the Gospel—illustrating that in his own wonderful, fluent and extraordinary style—Joseph Wolff is the man. A light, a glory, an honor and a grace to any community to which he attached himself—yet the English church, the richest of God's churches on earth, gave him for his support a living of £20 per annum, and after that a curacy of £60 a year. Verily, indeed, the premium held out to conversion being thus little, it will excite small marvel if the Anglican church is not a proselyting community. Probably he designs to make the sacrifice great to enhance its value. Is this wise?

There are, however, three quarters from which we do look for speedy promotion for Dr. Wolff. The first is, from that See that takes upon itself the especial charge of the foreign world—we mean London. There we think it would be a graceful act on the part of the distinguished diocesan to reward toil of this unwonted character unasked, and thus, as information has often doubtless been sought for from Dr. Wolff for the foreign objects of the See of London, the obligation would be repaid. The next is less probable than the last—the *Missionary World*. We fear, from the words that escaped one of its leaders, that here the chances are small. If Dr. Wolff were disposed to be eternally occupied on such points as tell at missionary meetings, if he were still—what we know he is not, inclined to wander on, they would support him; otherwise, we fear they will not. He is also, which excites some jealousy, of so high a calibre of acquirements that he dwarfs the cedars even of that grove—he is also a strong advocate of Apostolic descent, and zealous for high-church principles, which displeases others. He has taken his stand on church principles from conviction, and the church ought to reward him. The third quarter is—the government. This we think the best. The government must remember that Dr. Wolff *has done* what they *had not done*—ascertained at the peril of his life the death of the English officers. He has done it also at great cost of money to a man who has nothing to depend on but his own exertions. For though his lady has a small independence, this dies with her. Let the government bethink them well that he has done a deed that has raised the character of Christendom; that he has shown that the spirit of Christianity and peace will advance as far into danger as that of turmoil and battle. When we look on the struggle through which he has passed, on the victim that he is at present to a disease—the fearful *Rishta* of Bokhara—that has nearly and may yet terminate his life, we own that we should like to hear of the government stepping from its lofty pedestal and requiting him with some of those honors which sovereign after sovereign, through whose kingdom he has passed, has vied with the other in dispensing to him. The monster king of Bokhara even was struck at the boldness of a man who could walk into his very palace, and, alone and unarmed, demand the bones of his countrymen. Though the reply was fierce—"I will send your bones. Heard you ever of a king that sent bones to another king?"

—yet the effect was produced that Wolff required—the noble demonstration, we repeat, realized in Christendom, *that an injury done, we say, to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole community.* Wolff was prepared to die, and he preferred that to failing in his mission or to faltering in his bold work. It is for the government, unless they wish the East to think meanly of them, which Wolff has nobly redressed, to see that the "*Khoob Ademee*," *the good man*, as even the barbarous Usbecks called him, is not left to the cold adage of "*Virtue is its own Reward.*" Be it so! happen what may, if here the missionary, like the apostle of old, be depressed, at least he has the unutterable satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be strong hereafter. "For such as are *planted* in the house of the Lord, shall *flourish* in the courts of the house of our God."

THE ROAR OF LONDON.

"Standing in St. Paul's, one is surprised by an aerial sound in the dome: it is the roar of London."

Amid the crowded city's ceaseless roll,

At morning, noon, and deepest midnight hours,
Within this mighty Dome, as in a soul,

Whose spirit everlastingly adores,
Riseth a solemn song of echoing praise
To Him who leadeth on earth's chequered ways.

The pealing organ, at appointed time,

Sends forth her hymn to worshippers around;
The faithful clock, with sweet responsive chime,
Measures the days and years with tuneful sound;

But ever-living is this sacred song,
As years, and days, and moments roll along:

As on the sea-girt shore the wanderer hears

The choral hymn of ocean's rolling tide,
Where, amid storm and calm, the billow bears

Her constant symphony surrounding wide—
So, from the mighty City's joy and strife
Rises this deep, enduring song of life.

Jerrold's Magazine.

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

THIS gathering took place as usual, at Apsley house, on the 18th—the glorious eighteenth. The *Morning Chronicle* says, "covers were laid on this occasion for 76." This is a mistake; and as we shall subsequently show, a very important mistake. The number was 77!

All the arrangements were the same as those observed for a succession of years. There was the same gorgeous display of plate—there was the Wellington shield in all its massive beauty and effulgence!

The dinner over, her majesty's health was drunk with acclamations. After which the Duke of Wellington rose to give the health of Prince Albert. His royal highness (said his grace) was, indeed, a very young soldier; but his military ardor was most pleasingly conspicuous. (*Cheers.*) It was delightful to see him in the van of all the picture shops. His royal highness had been painted in, it was impossible to say how many uniforms: and if he, the duke, knew anything of

what made a soldier, he would argue from the bold and determined way in which, in his picture, his royal highness held his hussar-cap—he would (said the duke) prophesy for the prince, in the event of a war, a grove of never-fading laurel. (*Cheers.*) He could not sit down without also alluding to the graceful, yet sagacious way, in which his royal highness, in another picture, held his *bâton de maréchal*. It was very pretty—more than pretty: it was great. He would confidently refer the company to the window of Mr. Colnaghi to bear him out. His grace concluded by proposing "Health to the soldier, Prince Albert!"

Band—"How happy the soldier who lives on his pay."

His royal highness replied to the toast. It was not for him, in the presence of such veterans, to speak of his own military achievements. Yet he hoped he had done something for the service. He had ~~had~~ stood for—the number escaped us, but we think his royal highness said five hundred—military portraits of himself (*Cheers.*) He was as ready to stand and sit for as many more! (*Renewed cheers.*) He hoped—in the flattering words of the distinguished duke—he hoped yet to lead the van of the picture shops, as a colonel of French cuirassiers—as a chief of the Cossacks—as an officer of the Chapelgorris—as, in fact, an officer of any and every military force whatever! (*Enthusiastic cheers.*) He might also be allowed to state that he had made a new hat for a part of the army—(*sensation*)—a hat that took away something from the hitherto inflexible sternness of the infantry, and gave to the wearer a certain air of low comedy—if he might use the expression—that, as he was credibly informed, had had a slaughtering effect on the Park nursery-maids. (*Laughter.*) He had also—though it pained him to speak of his military achievements—he had also invented a new uniform for his regiment. He had clothed His Own in cherry-colored trousers; thereby expressing a significant hint to all the universe that he and his corps were ready to shed their blood for the defence of their country. (*Loud cheers.*) His Royal Highness in conclusion gave "The health of the Duke of Wellington—the laurel-crowned Wellington!"

The noble and gallant host—amid enthusiastic cheering—rose. He said, the recurrence of that day brought him great pleasure, though not unmingled with pain. Looking round that board, he could not but feel that many who were last year present—many who had shared the storm of battle with him—were now no more. He would, however, not dwell upon the theme. His royal highness had been pleased to speak of his (the duke's) laurels. He could not deny the possession of them; but whilst he did not underrate their value, it was his earnest prayer that the world would never again behold such a wreath; purchased with so much misery, so much anguish to the great family of man. In every leaf of the soldier's laurel were blood and tears. He had seen a great deal of the horrors of conquest, and it was his prayer that this country, at least, would forever be spared a renewal of the misery. In a word, he trusted that war had had its day. (The noble duke, after a short pause, then continued.) His friends might be surprised to see among them Private — (the name and the regiment escaped us, but his grace pointed smilingly to a private soldier at the bottom of the table.) They would

perceive that he was an old man—that he wore the Waterloo medal. He (his grace) had thought that as the chiefs of Waterloo were every year thinned by death—he had thought, he said, that it would be honorable to themselves, that it would be pleasing to the army at large, to see at least one private soldier at that table—one private veteran, who had distinguished himself at Waterloo—so that whilst they paid due honor to humble worth in the person of an individual, they themselves might not for a moment forget that it was to the bone and muscle and indomitable courage of the masses of the British empire that the victory—under Providence—was to be ascribed. The noble duke then gave “The health of Private— (again the name escaped us; so let us call him Private Seventy-Seven,) and the common soldiers who fought at Waterloo!” (*Drunk with cheers.*)

Band,—“*A man’s a man for a’ that.*”

Private Seventy-Seven rose, made the military salute, tossed off his glass, and with swimming eyes and a voice touched with emotion, cried, “God bless you, gentlemen—thank’ee!”

The simple eloquence of the man had a marked effect upon the veteran chiefs, who were evidently as much surprised as delighted by the unexpected invitation of Private Seventy-Seven by the hero of a hundred fights.

The meeting separated at an early hour.

We have now, as faithful chroniclers of events, merely to observe, that we trust our contemporaries will in future give a more authentic account of the Waterloo banquet. Not that we feel quite satisfied with ourselves that we have not obtained the name of the humble guest of the eighteenth; and hereupon offer as a reward the eight volumes of *Punch* to any one who will favor us with the true name of the private soldier whom, in our need, we have been compelled to distinguish as Private Seventy-Seven!

BOBADILS OF THE PRESS.

WHEN we read anonymous abuse of the dead, we more than suspect cowardice and malignity in the nameless scribbler; and sooth to say, such is our suspicion of the writer of what he calls *Personal Recollections of Thomas Campbell, Esq.*, now appearing in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Until we see the name of the writer affixed to them—until we can weigh that name with his statements teeming as they do with charges of meanness, dishonesty, and the grossest invective, we must even believe that the truth is not in him. Our doubts of him begin with the beginning of his theme. Let the reader judge of the spirit of truthfulness—of the decency of the person who spatters his ink upon the dead.

The writer first met Campbell at one of the Polish balls at Guildhall, although he had “little sympathy for those annual gatherings of shop-keeping fashionables and mountebank patrons of a brave nation—for the benevolence and biscuits, the humanity and coffee swilling exquisitely blended, which Lord Dudley Stuart believes to be the perfection of philanthropy.”

The writer tells us he had “written a youthful diatribe against Nicholas;” and he further says—“So many compliments had been paid to me on the excellence of my composition, that I thought myself in courtesy bound to go; and go I did, though not without many an innate shudder at the

approaching meeting with the tallow chandlers and pork-sellers, and the GREASY-FISTED CLARINDAS in the city.”

Have we not quoted enough? Does not the reader at once appreciate the claims of this person to credibility? The poor creature who speaks of English gentlewomen, the wives and daughters of English merchants, as “greasy-fisted Clarindas,” is of course to be believed when he puts in the mouth of the dead the basest and foulest sentiments that inventive malice can bestow.

And then who is the writer? Some fine young Irish nobleman, that he should feel “an innate shudder” at the thoughts of greasy fists? Will the Hibernian grandee favor the world with his name and address, that, acknowledging his rank, it may even now sympathize with his late sufferings? Is he lord, viscount, earl, or marquess?

After the above the reader will as readily believe in Campbell’s cold, glassy eyes—“like those of a dead haddock”—and in all the blackguardism and abuse of his contemporaries put into his mouth by the “shuddering” nobleman, as in the existence of the “greasy-fisted Clarindas” at the ball in question, or at the like recent gathering on the 13th inst.

The “shuddering” anonymous inquires of Campbell, “if there were any truth in a story which Allan Cunningham had published respecting him.” Whereupon—“Campbell’s lips quivered with rage. ‘Cunningham,’ said he, ‘was the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland.’”

We believe that a son survives Mr. Cunningham, and to his filial attention we consign the “shuddering” chronicler.

In conclusion, we ask the conductors of the Magazine, if they believe that they vindicate the true purposes of literature by giving currency to personal slander, unsupported as it is by any name? We well knew that there were unhappy creatures, willing to turn pen and ink to most malicious purposes; but we certainly believed that such persons would not be allowed to crawl in the *Dublin University Magazine*.—*Punch*.

PEERS OF PEN AND INK.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is a modest man; all prime ministers are; it is the weakness of their station. Nevertheless, Sir Robert is an especial victim to the official diffidence. He complains that her majesty has allowed her by her faithful Commons only £1,200 a year—half-a-handful of crumbs from the state table—for the literary and scientific Lazaruses in their feebleness and old age: £1,200 a year, a sum which, no doubt, in its insignificance is conducive of much distress to the royal mind—and yet, Sir Robert Peel will not ask parliament for an additional grant. If a young princess is to be married, that she may enrich a pauper prince of royal German blood—Sir Robert puts on the face of an unabashed mendicant, and boldly asks for thousands per annum. He asks, and has. He can speak out for a Princess Augusta of Cambridge, but Minerva herself might wither in a garret, with the regret of the minister that her majesty had “only £1,200 a year” for every branch of knowledge. Wherefore, then, does not Sir Robert pluck up his courage, and ask for an additional thousand or two in the name of the humanities?

But literary and scientific men need not alms:

they want no pensions. What they demand, and what sooner or later they *will* have, is a just recognition of their great claims on the consideration and gratitude of government. When a man of literary genius dies—a man who has enriched the world with immortal thoughts—with wealth imperishable—it is thought a mighty piece of benevolence on the part of a minister if he bestows some fifty pounds on the dead man's family. Foolish, superficial folks cry, "what magnanimity!" Yes; this is deemed on the part of a minister a humane and graceful mode of acknowledging the claims of genius. France, Prussia, and America, might teach us better. They invest their literary man with state distinction; they clothe him with office, as the noblest representative of national greatness. In England, the literary man is a creature disowned by the state; never permitted to come within the doors of the palace, lest, we presume, the footmen should catch literature as children catch measles. He is considered by the English aristocracy as a clever kind of vagabond—a better sort of Ramo Samee, to amuse by books, instead of knives and balls. Had Washington Irving been born an Englishman, he had never, even as a diner-out, seen the inside of St. James'. He is an American author, and, therefore, is he ambassador at Madrid. What a wide, a monstrous look of contempt would aristocracy put on if it were proposed to send Charles Dickens, Esq., as ambassador to Florence? How would the Londonderrys have stared if the late Thomas Hood had been gazetted minister plenipotentiary at Washington! Hood himself—it would have been thought—had never written anything so droll! But Hood dies in penury, and it is a fine thing—a gracious act—for the English prime minister to bestow fifty pounds upon those the man of genius leaves behind! English ministers can only play the Mæcenas over a man's coffin. Why do they not reward him with dignified employment when alive?

Having alluded to Hood, we may here express our delight that the subscription set a-foot for those who were dear to him, has been nobly contributed to by Manchester. The stout-hearted men of Birmingham and other places, will, of course, follow the goodly example.—*Punch*.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

ON HEARING DR. CHALMERS PREACH.

Yes, Chalmers! I have heard thee, nor shall time
Raze from my mind, while memory holds her seat,
Thy soul-felt worship—simple, yet sublime,
Sweet to the ear, but to the heart more sweet!
'Tis rare, methinks, to hear, in accents meet,
Man from his weakness at his Maker's throne;
Seems sacrilege to me th' enthusiast's heat,
As the chill formalist's unvarying tone:
I dare not come before the Eternal's face
With love unchecked by awe—or lips untouched
by grace.

But, Chalmers! all may follow where thou lead'st,
Nor fear to invoke amiss their Father's name;
With incense pure and spiritual thou feed'st
In the rude breast devotion's hallowed flame;
—Thou teachest the unlettered mind to frame
Petitions such as ne'er in vain ascend
From prince or peasant—who, their wants the
same,

At the same mercy-seat alike must bend!
This done—'tis thine the prostrate soul to raise.

On hearts thus elevate and purified,
How does thy doctrine like the dew distil!
Not words harmonious, ranged in empty pride
Of art to show the rhetorician's skill,
But voice of one who lives but to fulfil
His high commission—who the obdurate heart
With doubts and fears salubrious strives to fill,
And bids the penitent in peace depart!
Blest eloquence! which gains its gracious end,
When those who come to *wonder* go to *mend*

FIRST LOVE.

Angelique.

AND have you felt a void in your sick heart,
When he whose honeyed accents and sweet words
Have held your too enraptur'd senses tranc'd—
Wrapping your soul in blissful ecstasy!—
Seeing no form but his—hearing no voice!—
When he, I say, has gone—and left you chill'd,
As if the sun had shut its light from you—
Then have you felt as if the world was not—
As if your very soul had fled away
With him whose eyes are the sole orbs
That form your heaven!

Francesca.

I fear 't is true!

Angelique.

Why, then—you love!

The Spanish Maiden: Old Play.—Hood's Mag.

GOOD SEED.

LIKE seeds deep hid in the thankless earth,
Or buried in dead men's tombs,
Till the spade of the laborer casts them forth,
Or the traveller's search exhumes—
Revived again in the upper air,
Not one of their powers is lost;
Plant them, they root and flourish fair,
And bring forth a goodly host
Of offspring, though centuries may have past
Since they in their darksome cells were cast.

So is the word the poet preaches:
The good seed may seem to die,
And the fruit of the holy creed he teaches
Be hidden from human eye:
If the vital germ of truth be there,
It never can perish wholly,
Rich blossom and fruit it will surely bear,
Though for long years buried lowly;
Other hands may bring it to light, and tend;
But the seed of good thoughts has a fruitful end.
Chambers' Journal.

THE GIBBET.—The gibbet has not fifteen years' life in it. If in 1860, fifteen years hence, there shall be a death punishment existing, if we shall still be in this world together, reproach me with being the falsest prophet, the veriest fool, that ever presumed to talk of the advancing spirit of the times.—*Lord Nugent*.

We cordially agree with Lord Nugent, and undertake a share of the hazards to which he here exposes himself.—*Chambers*.